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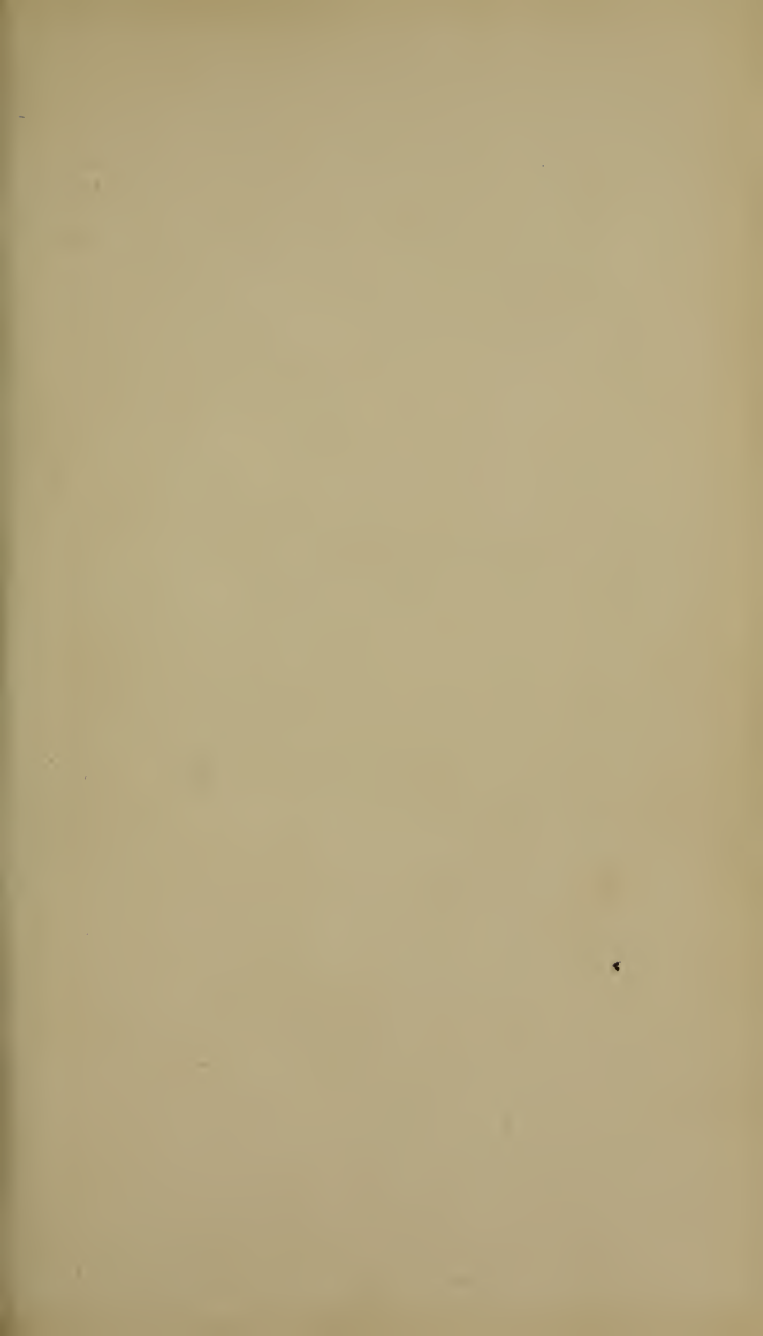


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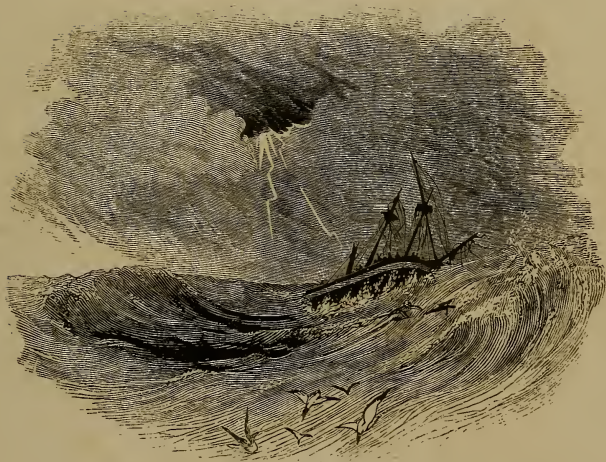
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Introduction to the "Indian Gallows."

THE
INDIAN GALLOWS,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY W. H. RHODES.



Page 9.

NEW YORK:
EDWARD WALKER, 114 FULTON STREET.
MDCCCXLVI.

THE
INDIAN GALLOWS,
AND
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IN TWO PARTS

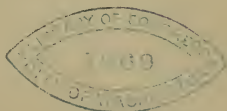
BY WILLIAM H. RHODES.

~~~~~  
"Better to sink beneath the shock  
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock."—BYRON.  
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NEW YORK.

EDWARD WALKER, 114 FULTON STREET.

1846.
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TO
WILLIAM P. BALLINGER,
THIS POEM IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED ;
NOT AS AN ESTIMATE
OF HIS FRIENDSHIP,
BUT
AS AN EVIDENCE
OF MINE.
FORTUNATE MUST HE BE
WHO, CASTING HIS EYES OVER THE WHOLE WORLD,
AND SELECTING AN OBJECT FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,
IS ENABLED
TO RECOGNIZE IN THAT VERY FACE
THE FEATURES OF A FRIEND.



PREFACE.



I REPLY to the curious, who would know why I publish the following Poems, by a reference to my motto. If they rejoin that it has become too fashionable in these later days, to spread before the public what scarcely merits a perusal, I can only submit, and say that I too have caught the mania so prevalent since the era of Pope, who informs us that, even in his day, as now,

“ those who cannot write, and those who can,
All write, all scrawl and scribble to a man.”

I am also influenced in giving publication to these Poems, in order to preserve the tradition upon which the story of the Indian Gallows is founded. . . . The Red men are rapidly passing away, and soon they will live only upon the pages of the Historian and the Poet—It should be our endeavor, then, to preserve every memento of this deeply injured race, and to hand down to posterity, if not the full story of their wrongs, at least an impartial account of their habits, their heroism, and their virtues. Accordingly I

PREFACE.

have made an effort to discharge that portion of the obligation resting upon me, and having other minor poems by me at the time, I have not hesitated to publish them in the same volume, hoping thereby to give it respectability—at least in size.

It will be observed that most of these poems were written in Texas, and hence the subjects of them relate principally to persons and scenes in that Republic.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, *October*, 1845.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Indian Gallows, as it now is, and has been called for a great number of years, is situated in the north-eastern part of North Carolina, between the Roanoke and Chowan rivers, and in Bertie county. It is a very remarkable curiosity, and as such is pointed out to all strangers who visit this section of the State. It consists of two gigantic oaks standing about twenty feet asunder, with a branch growing from one of them into the other, which constitutes the cross. This branch is nearly forty feet from the ground, and has many very large trunks, growing perpendicularly upon it, resembling trees without roots. It is evident that, the top of one of the oaks must have been bent, clipped, and inserted into the body of the other ; yet so exactly has this been done, that, with the closest inspection, it cannot be determined to which tree the cross originally belonged.

P A R T I.

CONTAINING

THE INDIAN GALLOWS.

A P O E M.

“Ye say that all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye cannot wash it out!”

Sigourney.

THE
INDIAN GALLOWS.

A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE bark unfurls her canvas to the breeze,
And stately marches o'er the yielding seas ;
A last farewell is shouted from the shore,
And from the parting ship, farewell, once more
Is echoed by the Pilgrims, ere they glide
From every longing eye, and lonely ride
The rolling billows of the mighty deep,
Where surges foam, and storms terrific sweep.

“ Adieu, dear England !” fair Elnora sighed,
“ My last adieu to thee, old Ocean’s Bride !
May Heaven to thee her choicest blessings send,
From dangers shield thee, and from foes defend !

May wisdom, valor, fame, thy sons possess,
And every virtue thy fair daughters bless ;
May peace and plenty always o'er thee reign,
No king enslave, nor bloody tyrant stain ;
But be thy shores a home for every bliss,
Whilst Ocean's waves their hallowed sands shall kiss !”

Thus spoke Elnora as the less'ning shore
Of England met her vision ; soon, no more
Shrub, tree or rock was seen ; a steeple rear'd
Its spire ; a speck was all that then appear'd ;
An instant, and that speck no more is seen ;
'Tis gone, 'tis sunk, and Ocean rolls between !

Ah ! who can paint the exile's hopeless grief,
His sorrows soothe, or give his heart relief ?
What friendly hand can ease his burthened breast,
By crowding mem'ries of the past oppress ?
Tho' spurned from soil he loved with patriot zeal,
And doom'd a tyrant's darkest curse to feel,
Yet doubly vain each effort of his will,
Where'er he roams, his heart beats loyal still !
Thus will the shell by impious hands conveyed,
And left to moulder 'neath some forest shade,
Tho' far from ocean, and the breaker's roar,
Still murmur softly of its native shore.

Oh Albion ! mistress of the boundless sea,
Land of the brave, asylum of the free,

Home of the Statesman, Hero, Patriot, Sage,
Boast of the world, and glory of the age,
Cast back thy glance, through mists of bygone years,
And blot thy History with repentant tears !
Behold in long succession, on thy throne,
The tyrant, traitor, hypocrite, and drone ;
Now, conquering William tramples on thy shore,
Now, murdering Richard bathes thy fields in gore ;
Now, despot Henry tears thy freedom down,
Or idiot Edward wears the royal crown !
Now, tyrant Charles his short-lived sceptre wields,
Ambitious Cromwell now, his treason shields ;
Now, bloody Mary wraps the land in flames,
And now thy throne is filled by coward James.
What scenes of vice are pictured on thy page ;
What useless wars, thy grasping princes wage ;
What deeds of guilt encrimson every plain,
And oh ! what martyr'd hosts thy gory annals stain !

Britain ! behold, embarking from thy strand,
Banished and driven from their native land,
A band of Pilgrims, fated to explore
The unknown dangers of a foreign shore.
Ah ! why to distant climes, condemned to roam,
Do they desert their kindred and their home ?
Why tempt the perils of the treach'rous sea,
And from thy frowning cliffs, proud Albion, flee ?
Oh ! let thy conscious brow be tinged with shame,
And lasting infamy disgrace thy name,—

Enlightened land ! they flee thy impious soil,
Once claimed by them, and honored by their toil,
To build in climes where Christian feet ne'er trod,
A holy temple to the living God !

The bigot James* was seated on thy throne,
Who swayed by terror, and by force alone,
Profaned Religion by his pois'nous breath,
To flames condemned, or dreadful lingering death,
The fearless martyr who despised his creed,
And scorned the impious might that bade him bleed.
No spark of pity glowed within his breast,
No victim's groans could kill his guilty rest ;
No patriot's sigh, spurn'd from his childhood's home,
And tost the sport of angry surges' foam,
Could kindle in his heart compassion's flame,
Or melt his selfish nature into shame.
A monk in soul, a narrow bigot born,
Too mean for hate, and hardly worthy scorn,—
Mankind beheld his fiendish crimes, amazed,
And joyful saw him sink beneath the storm he raised !

“ Land of my birth,” each aged patriarch sigh'd,
When Albion's brow was lost beyond the tide,
“ We leave thy shore down-trodden and opprest,
Forced like the orphan from its mother's breast,

* Reference is here made to James II., who was dethroned in 1688 for persecuting the Protestants, and endeavoring to re-establish Papacy in England as the religion of the Realm.

And like that orphan all unpitied hurl'd,
To wander naked through a hostile world !
But friendless, feeble, and ~~dis~~sowned by thee,
Doom'd to encounter storms by land and sea,
At war with man, the ocean, and the sky,
We serve our God, and have a friend on high !
He will protect though mountain billows rise,
And lift our bark midway the ravaged skies,
And tho' the mightiest of earth's kings should frown,
His arm will shield, and dash their power down.

“ Ungrateful clime ! we ne'er shall see thee more,
A fairer world allures us to its shore ;
There shall we rear an empire free and grand,
Man's noblest effort, pride of every land,
Whose ripening glories through the world shall shine
And dim the splendors that around thee twine !
There shall mankind their pilfered rights regain,
There Conscience burst the last link in her chain ;
Kings shall be sceptreless, and princes find
That true nobility is in the mind !
There too shall meek Religion spread her wing,
And shield alike the peasant and the king ;
The land shall prosper 'neath her Heav'n-born smile,
And Superstition never more beguile.
Freedom and Law shall triumph over fraud,
The weak be sheltered, and the tyrant awed ;
The humble lifted from his fallen state,
And serfs torn from the bondage of the great !

Our children then shall hail this glorious day,
Which drives us exiles from thy shores away,
And bless the fate whose cruel mandates hurl'd
Their Pilgrim-sires upon the new-found world !”

’Twas thus the exiles soothed their growing pain,
Whilst coursing westward o’er the trackless main ;
In vain the huge Atlantic heaved his wave,
They trusted God, for Ocean was his slave !
In vain the storm in awful strength swept by,
They trusted still,—He ruled the stormy sky !
The lightning tore the vault of Heaven in twain ;
God was their shield, the lightning flashed in vain !

Oh ! Carolina, Eden of the earth !
Land of my sires, and blest scene of my birth !
To thee this band of exiled pilgrims roam,
And seek thy bosom for a shelt’ring home.
A home where Raleigh’s eagle-sighted eye,
Saw fields as bright as bloom beneath the sky ;
Where swift Roanoke beholds around him smile,
Vales yet more fair than Deltas of the Nile ;
Where Albemarle with sweetened tides opprest,
Allures each tribe of ocean to her breast ;
Where Alleghany lifts his golden chain,
And sends his tribute to the thirsty main !
A home where patriots bled at every pore,
And drenched the soil with base oppression’s gore,
Where first was spurn’d the Anglo-Briton name !

And Independence lit his deathless flame !
Proud Carolina ! ever welcome be
To thy safe shores the poor, oppress'd, and free,
May they for aye a glad Asylum stand,
To shield the friendless from the tyrant's hand,
And through the changes of all coming time,
Be thou the exile's home, and freedom's clime !

The ship pursued her course with giant strides,
By fair winds wafted, and by fav'ring tides ;
Each eye is bent the western world to spy,
But bent in vain ; dark waves and azure sky
Are mingled yet, far o'er the heaving main,
And eager eyes still gaze, and gaze in vain.
At length 'tis whispered through the Pilgrim band,
That morning's light will gild the long-sought land.

Pale rose the moon upon the sea that night,
As though dismayed with terror and affright ;
The gladsome Pilgrims had retired to rest,
Hope in each heart, and joy in every breast ;
But fair Elnora from her parents stray'd,
And silent midnight found the sleepless maid
Yet on the lonely deck ; the ship in state
Sailed on, unconscious that so soon her fate
Would come, when wrecked upon the surf-beat shore,
She'd breast the wave, and brave the storm no more !
Midway the starless skies the moon now hung,
Encircled with a ring whose pale hue flung

A sick'ning glare around, and clothed the night
In half-transparent shades, that dimmed the sight.
Unlike the bow which tells the storm has past,
It warns the seaman to beware the blast !
Elnora saw the encompass'd moon pursue
Her course half 'thwart the misty sky ; and grew,
As on she journeyed, more and more sedate,
Each thought alive and busied with her fate.
Now memory pictur'd to her view the past,
And crowding on her recollection fast,
Came thoughts of home and friends left far behind,
And Henry's parting words course through her mind ;
Her lover's voice rings in her ears once more,
His vows a thousand times are spoken o'er,
And though a soldier, he has sworn to roam
Across the seas, and seek Elnora's home !
Now roving fancy, winged with power divine,
Explores the secrets of the flashing brine,
Dives deep beneath the rolling of the surge,
Where winds ne'er sweep, nor frightful tempests scourge,
And treads a world of azure all at rest,
And tranquil as the summer heav'n's breast ;
Then rising far above the narrow world,
She soar'd where day his splendors never furl'd,
And coursing onward, through the trackless space,
Beheld new worlds appear, with every pace.
" Great God !" she cried, " if countless are thy suns,
And world on world around each centre runs,
If unto mortals, ever dear and kind,

Creative pow'r thou gavest to the mind,
Hast not prepared a system for each soul
To people, govern, and direct the whole !”
Thus mused Elnora, when a vivid glare
Of lightning pierced the gloom and lit the air
With flame,—a moment,—and the thunder's voice
Told that a storm approached ; the mutt'ring noise
Aroused the maiden from her sleepless dream,
Who now sought shelter from the tempest : gleam
Succeeding gleam, and flash fast following flash,
Were answer'd by the thunder's dreadful crash ;
The winds which late within their caves had slept,
Now arm'd with might, fierce from their coverts leapt,
And loud in angry strife they furious cried,
And with the thunder's roar in tumult vied.
The sea lashed by the storm in mountains rose,
And threatened death to all that dared oppose,
Whirl'd the light bark along his crested wave,
Whose foaming tops the dome of heav'n lave ;
Then hurl'd her downward in the deep abyss,
Where demons wander, and where furies hiss !
The storm increased in fury and in might,
And black, and blacker, grew the fearful night ;
The lightning quivered on the ocean's breast,
The thunder groaned within his hollow chest,
The winds his bosom rocked till the black sky
Was mingled with his waters ! then the cry,
The shriek of terror, and the broken pray'r,
Were heard commingling with the howling air.

“ Oh, God ! send down thy mercy from on high,
Thou who did'st make, and still dost rule the sky ;
Thou who dost breathe thy thunder's awful sound,
Whose lightnings flash their lurid flames around ;
Whose dread tornadoes sweep creation o'er,
Whose emblem, ocean, boundeth every shore,
Whose very throne, the Heav'n, seems wrapt in fire,
Thy servants, God, preserve them from thine ire !
Shield and protect them from a watery grave !”
The Pilgrim's prayer was hushed ; a frantic wave
Among the breaking seas the ship had hurl'd ;
Thus were they welcomed to the new-found world !

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO II.

UPON the shipwrecked Pilgrims broke the morn,
Fair and unclouded ; with the earliest dawn
They kneel together at Jehovah's feet,
And humbly thank him that again they meet ;
That from the tempest and the wave, his might
Preserved them through the perils of the night.
Then seek to find upon the foam-clad shore,
Yet loudly echoing with the late storm's roar,
Aught of their bark, and soon its remnants see,
In fragments scattered o'er the sounding lea.

Insatiate sea ! How pitiless thy wave,
More fear'd than death, more cruel than the grave !
How many myriads in thy yawning breast
Have sunk to sleep in unremember'd rest !
What glitt'ring gems amid thy waters shine,
And sparkle faintly 'neath thy miser brine !
Since earth began to track his long career,
And mould the compass of the circling year,
How vast the ruin of thy sweeping tide !
How dread the triumphs of thy tyrant pride !

Where now the splendors Tyre's proud sons could boast ?
 Where now the riches of the Sidon coast ?
 Where Troy's gay ships that ploughed thy deep abyss,
 And where th' embattled hosts of Salamis ?
 Could not the Roman Eagle scorn thy might,
 Nor woes of Carthage one kind pang excite ?
 Could not the grandeur of Genoa's domes,
 Nor sea-girt glories of Venetian homes,
 Nor Spain's vain boast, "The Mistress of the Sea !"
 Defy thy power, or from thy billows flee ?
 Deep, deep, amid thy battling surge's roar
 They sank o'erpowered, and shall rise no more !

"Remorseless sea ! farewell !" the Pilgrims sighed,
 "We leave for aye thy base, deceitful tide ;
 Ah, never more shall thy false bosom bear
 The Pilgrim's hopes, allured but to ensnare !"

* * * * * *

The exiles wend their solitary way
 Still tow'ards the splendors of the setting day,
 'Till on the borders of an inland sea,
 Exempt from tempests and from perils free,
 In Eden's* groves, removed from every strife,
 They seek a refuge from the storms of life.
 And here forgetful of their toils and cares,
 No longer dreading persecution's snares,
 Nor envying e'en sweet Cheshire's fairy vales,

* The settlement of Edenton, situated on Albemarle Sound, is here referred to.

Its winning zephyrs and its healthful gales,
 They find a peaceful and a happy home ;
 And Him who led them 'cross the wild sea's foam,
 Who saved them from the ocean and the storm,
 They worship now in peace, and to His will conform.

* * * * * * *

Elnora's parents left the Pilgrim band,
 Allured by duty, and the friendly hand
 Of Tuscarora's¹ hospitable chief. .
 No pangs of parting, and no lonely grief
 Could break their stern resolve ; defying foes,
 Forsaking friends, and spurning sweet repose,
 Amid the Roanoke's wilds they fearless trod
 To teach the heathen of the Christian's God.

Oh, holy spirit of the Christian's love ;
 Child of the skies ! the angel's bond above,
 Parent of peace and every virtuous tie,
 How deep the sources of thy fountains lie !
 How wide the bounds, which 'neath thy wings expand,
 Embracing every clime, encircling every land !
 Beneath th' Aurora of the Polar skies,
 Where bleak Spitzbergen's icy mountains rise,
 The Christian's mission lifts its snow-built dome,
 And points the Pagan wanderer to his home.
 Where Asia's sun unclasps the gaping ground,
 Or Congo's arid deserts spread around,
 Where far Columbia's rock-choked waters foam,
 Or Patagonia's giant children roam,

Where bleak Antarctic's iceberg isles appear,
And winter frowns in one eternal year,
Where'er the dark Idolator e'er trod,
The Christian there, allures him back to God.

The sun had measured through the varying sky,
One circuit of his course; again on high
He smiled with pleasure at the winter's flight,
Spoiled of his frosty robes of silvery white.
Oh! who loves not the soft and gentle spring,
When pet lambs gambol, and when sweet birds sing,
When flow'ry carpets deck the verdant earth,
And all that's bright and beautiful has birth,
When groves, and winds, and waters murmur love,
'Tis the blest clime of happy Heav'n above!

Elnora tuned her gladsome voice to sing,
And thus breathed forth

A Welcome to the Spring.

I.

THE winter's dreary reign is o'er,
His chilling storms are past,
His angry frown is seen no more,
Nor felt his biting blast;
The smiling earth is clothed in green,
Soft zephyrs fan the air;
Whate'er is heard or felt or seen
Proclaims that Spring is fair!

II.

Her bloom adorns the mountain's brow,
Her flowers dot the vale,
Her foliage decks the forest-bough,
Her fragrance scents the gale,
Her voice is melody to hear,
Bright birds her praises sing,
And every sound that greets the ear,
A welcome bids to Spring.

III.

Her coming never brings a sigh,
Or bids one sad tear roll,
But kindles brightness in the eye,
And gladness in the soul !
Ah, such will be the Christian's lot,
When life's bleak storms are o'er,
Each wintry care will be forgot,
And Spring reign evermore !

Again the Indian's wild and shrill war cry,
Is heard in distant forests, swift to fly
From wood to wood, from hill to mountain glade,
Till heav'n's deep vault the echo seems t' invade,
And swelling long and loud, the dismal yell
Is fitting music for the brave's death knell.
Afar, in deepest shades, where naught is heard,
Save the low notes of black night's fav'rite bird,

Or the light footsteps of the tiger's tread,
Who seeks his prey where thickest boughs o'erspread,
Or the kind rattle of the coiling snake,
Who warns, before he springs from 'neath the brake,
There, in recess prepared by nature's hand,
In concert gathered, a fierce Indian band,
Whose copper'd features, red with paint* or ire,
Shone doubly dreadful by the council fire.
These men were silent, wrongs revenge had fir'd,
Their hands were ready, and their hearts desir'd !
Thus oft is seen in western skies, a cloud,
With lightning lurid, charged with thunder loud,
Approach in peace, and silently entomb
The heav'n in one unbroken mass of gloom,
'Till darkness clothes the earth and loads the air,
And spreads its pall on every landscape fair ;
Then ripe for fury, winds and lightnings fly,
And thunders shake the pillars of the sky,
Then rocks the earth, and roars the howling blast,
And ruin revels—'till the storm be past !
So the grim savage steals upon his prey,
Nor tells his purpose till his hand can slay,
Then flies the shaft or dives the fatal blade,
Deep in the bosom of his foe betrayed !
The pipe² has pass'd its slow yet certain round,
To calm each passion, and each foe confound ;

* The Indians, before going to war, always paint themselves, principally making use of vermilion for this purpose.

The curling smoke is scattered through the air,
And silence reigns within the red man's lair.
At length a brave whose scalp-lock floats behind,
Springs to his feet as hurried as the wind ;
A stranger in the council, but a friend,
His mission all unknown :—

“ Ye braves, attend

The words of Annawon ; Met'comet's³ voice
Still echoes in my ears ; he bids rejoice,
The chief of Tuscarora, and his braves ;
The day has dawned when longer to be slaves
To pale-faced minions, or to foreign kings,
Would ill become the noble brave who sings
The freedom of his fathers, and their deeds
Of glorious daring ! Have the priceless seeds
Of Liberty proved fruitless in your breast ?
Why do ye slumber on in shameful rest ?
Awake ! Arouse ! Throw off the galling load,
And drive the tyrants from your blest abode.
Long, brothers, have these injuries been borne,
We've seen our homes invaded, from us torn
Our sires' hunting grounds, our flowery vales,
Our hills, our rivers, and our fertile dales,
Our children's heritage, aye, our fathers' graves !
Expel the minions, or die minions' slaves.
This very night, great Philip leads his band,
To scourge these foul usurpers from the land.
When first across the wat'ry deep they came,
And begged a pittance of our forest game,

Weak, hungry, naked, chilled by storms, and cold,
The Indian's heart could not the boon withhold ;
We bade them welcome to our happy shore,
And shared with them the red man's scanty store ;
We lived in peace, till soon another sail,
And then ten thousand, swept before the gale ·
They felled *our* forests, and usurped *our* soil,
And now demand our freedom, and our toil !
Arouse, my brothers ! wake from sleep, ye braves,
And spurn the pale-face from your fathers' graves,⁴
Your children to their fading rights restore,
Or die encrimsoned with your tyrants' gore !”
He ceased, but scarce the dooming words he spoke
Had stilled their echoes, when the young Roanoake,
Old Tuscarora's son, arose, and said,—
“ My brothers, and my sire ; and will ye shed
The blood of innocence to atone for guilt ?
’Twould not appease, though oceans should be spilt.
My brother speaks of injury and wrongs
To Philip done ; to Philip, then, belongs
Revenge and blood ; why should we stain *our* hands,
To glut the vengeance that *his* wrong demands ?
No ! let us love the friends who harm us not,
Nor let my father's honor be forgot ;
He smokes with them the calumet of peace,
Nor will he thus their friendly hand release ;
Then, brothers, forfeit not the red man's word——”
His strain is broke ; the voice of one is heard
Like deep-toned thunder seated in the cloud,

As rough, as dreadful, and as hoarsely loud.
"Brothers and chieftains, warriors, allies, braves !
'Tis blood, and blood alone, our honor craves ;
Let youth, or weakness, preach a *woman's* creed,
And craven bosoms to his words give heed,
But ye, who glory in your deeds of yore,
Ere yet the pale-face trod upon our shore ;
Ye who can wield the knife or draw the bow,
Who fear no danger and who fly no foe ;
Ye in whose bosoms glow fair freedom's fires,
Which burned so brightly in your buried sires ;
Ye who dare crush the viper in his shell
Ere yet his fangs have poison to repel,
Who dare to strike the giant to the heart
While yet his bosom will admit the dart,
Come on ! and follow to the trophied field
Cashie your brother ; and who swears to shield
His sons from slavery, and his home from foes,
Or die beneath the fury of their blows !
In dreams¹ I've nightly seen my father's shade,
Since when his bosom sheathed the white man's blade,
Two moons* have rolled their courses through the skies,
And still his blood upon the cold earth lies,
Unhonored by revenge ! Then on, ye braves,
Or die disgraced as cowards, cravens, slaves !"
Lo ! Tuscarora grasps the bended bow,
The instant signal to attack the foe ;

* The Indians always reckon time by the revolutions of the moon.

But hark, he speaks,—

“ Sons ! Honor yields alone
To Freedom ! Life and blood, and all we own,
Must to her call give undistinguished place,
Or else we die, the victims of disgrace ;
But freedom is a gift not ours to spare,
Our fathers left it in their children’s care
That we might to our sons the prize bequeath,
Or lose it but in battle, with our breath !”
Without delay each unstrung bow is bent,
Each quiver slung ; and now the air is rent
By one long, loud, and universal cry,
Of braves prepared to triumph or to die.

* * * * *

They march ! But, swifter than the eagle’s flight,
Or morning’s wings that chase the shades of night,
Roanoke flew on, the white man to inform
Of coming foes, and shield him from the storm !
He gains the cottage ; list ! within, a sound
Of grief disturbs the midnight gloom profound !
’Tis not a time for ceremonious form
When clouds are risen, and commenced the storm.
He bursts the door, his mission on his tongue.
Horror ! He speaks not ; every nerve unstrung,
His accents unpronounced, unuttered die ;
He strives, but cannot speak the peril nigh.
He views the old man on his bended knees,
His wife in tears, and prostrate too, he sees.
But where Elnora ? Where the Pilgrim’s child ?

The father gains his feet, in accents wild
He shrieks, "My daughter! where, oh where art thou?
Perhaps in danger, dead, or dying now.
Oh! tell me if thou knowest, dear Roanoke,
Relieve a parent's heart from——"

Ere he spoke,

The Indian grasps his partner, bids him fly,
For death and desolation now are nigh.
Hark! On they come, determined in their ire,
To quench with blood their bosom-burning fire;
Already torches glimmer in the gloom,
And horrid yells proclaim the threatened doom.
"The Indian comes! He seeks the white man's life!
Fly, brother, fly! from death I save thy wife."
With one great bound, his burthen in his arms,
He clears the threshold, pealing with alarms;
The father pauses, "Oh, my child, farewell!"
His voice is drowned by shout and deaf'ning yell!
He leaves the cottage, terror wings his flight,
And fortune smiling guides his step aright;
Down to the river's winding brink he flies,
Already in the bark, his wife descries.
Off! off, the Indian hurl'd the light canoe,
'And in a hurried tone, exclaimed "adieu!"
As speeds the stag, his covert full in view,
Whilst hound and horseman at his heels pursue,
So springs Roanoke again to join the band,
And ere they note his absence, gains his stand.

Around the fated house the Indians form,
Alike prepared to burn, besiege, or storm ;
Revengeful Cashie spies the open door,
And rushes in, to steep his blade in gore.
Surprised ! he sees no form, no voice he hears ;
The couch with fox-like cunning now he nears,
He sheathes his scalp-knife in the bloodless bed !
No shriek, no groan ! His victims all have fled.
He grasps a torch, applies the greedy flame,
And soon a volumed blaze the cot became ;
It lights the forest, and illumes the stream,
Whilst disappointed passions fiercely gleam
Upon the savage brow ! His flaming eye
Shines with a brighter, more revengeful dye ;
And now the burning timbers crashing fall,
'Mid yells that would the hero's heart appal.
Down, down the stream the bark is driven fast ;
The old man turns to look, that look the last !
Oh ! what a sight to meet a parent's gaze,
His home so loved, enveloped in a blaze !
His ears, too, greeted with that dreadful sound,
Which makes the forest and the sky resound.
Once more these accents from his bosom swell,
"My daughter, oh, my daughter, fare-thee-well !"

END OF CANTO SECOND.

CANTO III.

SCARCE had the echoes of that deaf'ning yell,
Subsiding gently into silence fell,
Scarce had the conflagration's direful light,
Like some spent meteor, faded into night,
When Annawon, in loud commanding tone,
Invites pursuit to seize the victims flown ;
A shout of approbation rends the air,
And for the chase the savages prepare.

But lo ! what senseless form does Cashie clasp,
And press so joyful in his iron grasp ?
The flick'ring torches o'er her features throw,
A light which makes them yet more ghastly glow ;
“ 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! ” exclaims the chieftain's son ;
“ 'Tis lost Elnora ! ”

“ Lost ! ” cried Annawon,
“ How know'st thou, Roanoke, if lost or found,
Unless in league with—”

At a single bound
He stood beside the Pilgrim's captured child
Nor heard the charge with which he was revil'd.

The maiden strives, but strives, alas, in vain,
To loose her limbs from 'neath their flesh chain;
At length, with strength untried, unknown before,
From Cashie's close embrace her form she tore,
But scarce had gained her trembling feet, when lo!
Dark Chowan felled her with a dreadful blow.
Ere yet her falling form had touched the earth,
To just revenge did Roanoke's breast give birth,
His tomahawk was brandished high in air,
Before an arm could shield, or voice cry "spare!"
As lightning cleaves some sturdy oak in twain,
So cleft his blade, her base insulter's brain!
Then raising gently with a brother's care,
The prostrate maid, he cried, "Let him beware
Thy fate, whose coward hand is ever rear'd
To strike a female, helpless but rever'd!"

Within a dell, the Indians now retire,
To light anew the vengeful council fire;
Bound to a tree, in torture doom'd to wait,
The slothful coming of her tardy fate;
Elnora's heart was touched with pangs more deep,
Her parents' death in anguish forced to weep.
"Oh, cruel fate!" the wretched maiden cried,
"I lived with them, why with them had not died?
Oh that my breast had shared the fatal dart,
That struck my bleeding father to the heart!
Oh that the blade which drank my mother's gore,
Had pierced my bosom to its inmost core;

Oh, that the flame which stole their latest breath
Had stifled mine, how welcome had been death !”

Whilst thus Elnora mourned her hapless lot,
The pipe had not its circling path forgot ;
From mouth to mouth, in silent gloom it past,
And rests at length with him who puffs it last ;
Far in the forest now he hurls the bowl,
While Cashie’s dreadful voice is heard to roll,
Like rumbling clouds, swept through the stormy sky,
His full bent bow, and hatchet, raised on high ;
“ Who dares to plead for mercy to our foes ?
Who dares revenge, for wrongs received, oppose ?
Who dares assert yon pale-faced squaw shall live ?
Who dares a traitor prove, and cry, forgive ?”

“ I dare to ask for justice ”—

“ Die ! then, slave,

And fill a coward’s and a traitor’s grave !”
Swift as the light, the gleaming hatchet flew,
But swifter still, to ’scape it, Roanoke threw
Himself, untouched, unscathed, upon the ground ;
“ Peace !” cried the sachem, and the Braves around.

Behold Roanoke arise, to plead once more
The white man’s cause, and mercy to implore,
For her, who, harmless as the unfledged dove,
Ne’er knew a crime unless ’twere crime to love.
“ Brothers and Braves ! behold yon helpless maid,
As weak and fragile as the willow’s blade ;

Her tender tones, her tear-stained cheek, proclaim
Her innocence, and our kind mercy claim.
Unfit that arm to draw the warrior's bow,
Too weak that hand to deal the deadly blow,
Too pure that heart our freedom to assail,
That gentle form to terrify, too frail !
Are ye brave warriors, hardy, fearless men,
Whose strength has dragged the tiger from his den ;
Whose mighty arms have struck with fatal aim,
And bound your brows with all-enduring fame ?
Or are ye cowards, trembling if the breeze,
But stirs the rustling foliage on the trees ?
Are ye such dastards, as to fear the might
Of one weak *woman* in the gory fight ?
Oh lead her, then, quick to the scorching stake !
Destroy the foe that bids your bosoms quake ;
Your children teach a woman's arm to dread,
And spill the blood their fathers' *courage* shed !
Are ye ungrateful too ? Have ye forgot,
The many favors which have blessed our lot,
Since when the white man landed on our shore ?
That God, whom Christians teach us to adore,
Will ye offend, by dyeing with their blood
The very hands they strive to load with good ?
They teach us love, and temperance, and peace "——
" 'Tis false !" cried Cashie, " babbling traitor, cease !
The canting knaves dare every virtue *preach*,
But every vice their fiendish *actions* teach !
They bid *us* to be kind, and love our God,

Whilst *they* have daily on his precepts trod !
 They bid *us* to be just and temperate,
They steal our lands, our *babes* intoxicate !
 They preach to *us* meek charity and peace ;
 War, crime, and blood *they* every hour increase !
 Before they came their kindness to display,
 To the Great Spirit did the Red-man pray ;
 He filled our forests with the choicest game,
 And blest our shafts with an unerring aim ;
 We then with freedom o'er these hills could roam,
 And undisputed, claimed them as our home !
 'Tis not the strength of yon pale, weeping maid,
 But of her children's is Cashie afraid ;
 Die, then, she shall ! By Earth and Heaven, I swear !"
 Deep, deaf'ning yells the council's will declare.
 Once more does Tuscarora grasp his bow ;
 "Brothers !" exclaimed the sachem, "at the glow
 Of morn's first light the prisoner must die.
 To thee, brave, noble, fearless, just Cashie,
 The task to guard her safely I consign,
 Nor let a moment's rest till dawn be thine."

* * * * *

The smould'ring embers of the fading fire,
 Announce that soon its sparkling will expire ;
 The Indians slumber in a circle 'round,
 In silence buried and repose profound ;
 No sounds disturb the quiet of the night,
 Save the low moans, the maiden's pangs excite,

Or the slow tramp of Cashie's measured tread,
Who stalks like some pale spectre o'er the dead.

The night waned on, the fire had lost its glow,
The wearied sentinel had ceased to go ;
He slumbered deeply at Elnora's feet,
And deathlike silence held her reign complete.
The dawn's first twinkling lit the eastern sky,
And told the maiden that her fate was nigh !

* * * * *

A dusky form now slowly leaves the ground,
And with a watchful eye surveys around ;
His hurried glances traverse every side,
And now his noiseless footsteps swiftly glide ;
As mothers to their infants' cradles creep,
To guard with care their children's sickened sleep ;
As serpents slide their slippery forms away,
Or steals the tiger to entrap his prey,
So did Roanoke in stealthy stillness tread,
And o'er the sleeping forms his dangerous pathway thread.
Another step, he gains the sought-for tree ;
He cuts the thongs, Elnora's arms are free
But list ! a groan ! Cashie uplifts his head,
Stares wildly round, sinks back, and sense has fled.
Swift as the arrow cleaves the whizzing air,
So fleetly now they fly the Red-man's lair ;
Once more does Roanoke seek the flowing stream,
Where hope displays her bright and golden beam ;
The rapid current wafts the light canoe,

Which o'er the waters like a falcon flew ;
Long ere the dawn with glory crowned the day,
Far down the stream they sped their lonely way,
And whilst the Indians in their gory dreams,
For agonizing pain devise new schemes,
Invent new pangs to wring the tortured frame,
The bark progressing nears her destined aim.

* * * * *

The sun had fringed with beams of radiant gold
The eastern clouds, whose varied tints unfold
A thousand beauties to the captive eye,
And deck in crimson hues the blushing sky,
And e'en the birds had left their haunts and sung
Their morning glees ; each grove with carols rung.
Still did the tired Indians slumber on,
Nor waked 'till 'roused by frantic Annawon.
As hungered lions thirsting for their prey,
Strike e'en their keepers with a wild dismay,
And lash their swelling sides with furious rage,
And strew with maniac-foam their steel-barred cage,
So he with angered front and threat'ning brow,
Beholds his vengeance doubly thwarted now ;
Across the den he strides with bursting ire,
Revenge and shame by turns his breast inspire,—
His yells, his howlings, through the forest roar
Like stormy surges, dashed on Ocean's shore !
Swift to their feet the slumb'ring Indians spring,
As feasting vultures, when aroused, take wing ;
But yet more rav'nous and more bold than they,

Prepare at once to rush upon their prey.
Cashie, the leader, in pursuit is seen,
Revenge inflames and fury nerves his mien ;
First to accuse, and foremost to atone,
First to the brink he trails the prisoner flown ;
First to embark, and foremost in the chase
He drives his light canoe, a whirlwind in the race !
A hundred barks, as seabirds, skim the main,
Fly o'er the stream, a blood-impatient train,
Whilst shout, and whoop, and yell, and piercing cry,
Boom o'er the wave, which breathes a soft reply.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

CANTO IV.

THE setting sun sinks slowly to repose,
And 'round his couch a gilded curtain throws ;
The sparkling wave with borrowed lustre shines,
And in its bosom day's last beam inshrines ;
The birds and beasts now to their haunts retire,
To court the rest their wearied frames require.
Alas ! not so with Eden's pilgrim sires,
They seek not now to trim their evening fires ;
No prattling babes around their thresholds play,
To drive pale Care and haggard Grief away ;
No cheerful brow, nor joyous smile, is seen
To deck the oft-frequented twilight green,
No loud halloo, nor merry ploughman's song,
Is heard to float in silvery notes along ;
Deserted mansions stare with frightful mien,
And tell that sadness hovers o'er the scene !

The Pilgrims crowd the fort in pale affright,
To seek protection through the dang'rous night :
Elnora, happy in her parents' arms,
Heeds not the perils, and hears not th' alarms,

Whilst they rejoicing clasp'd their rescued child,
And at the impending storm in triumph smil'd.

* * * * *

The night her starry banner has unfurl'd
And waves it spangling o'er a sleeping world ;
The Pilgrim guard around the staunch stockade,
Marched slowly on, and each his circuit made.
Roanoke returns, the true and faithful spy
Proclaims the savages approaching nigh ;
Each Pilgrim soldier now prepares to meet
Death or a triumph, vict'ry or defeat !

No footsteps clank, nor whispers stir the air,
And throbbing hearts strive throbbing to forbear,
Silent each tongue, and still as death each form ;
How true the calm foretells the brewing storm !

In concert now a wild war-whoop is raised,
And instantaneous every cottage blazed.
The flame grows brighter, louder sounds the yell,
And in the fort the fire-shafts thicker fell ;
On every side the dismal howling rings,
And every breeze an arrowy shower brings ;
Anon and ever did the sharp report
Of firelocks clang within th' encompassed fort,
Whilst near, and nearer to the thronged stockade,
Besieging legions their advances made.
“ Come on ! come on ! ” and maddened with the fight,
Lo ! Annawon attempts to scale the height ;

His furious Braves, obedient to his call,
 Rush wildly on ! He mounts the tott'ring wall ;
 But ere he springs, a well directed dart
 Flies through the air, and quivers in his heart !
 He shrieks, and dies, and backward lifeless falls,
 The Indians pause, their leader's fate appals ;
 They grasp his body, bear it quick away,
 Repulsed,—retreat, and leave the bloody fray.
 Throughout the night, their watch-fires fiercely glare,
 And mutt'ring yells the morrow's storm declare ;
 In prayer the sleepless Pilgrims spend the night,
 And wait with terror morning's dreaded light.

* * * * * * *

At dawn the Indians to the charge repair,
 Maddened by rage, and phrensied by despair ;
 Behold, a ship, with every sail unfurl'd,
 Bristling with soldiers from the Eastern world,
 Is wafted swiftly o'er the foaming wave,
 And hastes to snatch the Pilgrims from the grave !

The baffled Indians to their dens retreat,
 Foiled of success, and smarting with defeat,
 Whilst joyful shouts the rescued Pilgrims raise,
 And each returning breeze a glad response conveys.
 Soon is the bark bade welcome to the strand,
 Voice echoes voice, and hand grasps friendly hand ;
 Misfortune clouds no brow, no tear-stained eye
 Weeps for the ruined village smould'ring nigh ;
 Grief flies the spot, and bliss exalts serene,

And joy drives mem'ry vanquished from the scene.
 Into her Henry's arms the maiden flies,
 Blest with *his* love, misfortune she defies,
 Whilst he, contented with his forest home,
 Desires no change, and swears he ne'er will roam.

Weeks had rolled by, and now the happy pair
 To bind the matrimonial ties prepare ;
 The gloom had vanished from each homeless brow,
 And peace returns to bless the Pilgrims now.
 As time flew on, Roanoke forgot to smile,
 And lonely walks his saddened hours beguile ;
 A secret grief sits gnawing at his soul,
 And day by day each gladsome pleasure stole ;
 Deep are the sorrows that his mind engage,
 Kindness can soothe not, friends cannot assuage :
 They note the weakness of his shatter'd frame,
 And strive in vain its vigor to reclaim ;
 As fades the sun, when clouds the sky invade,
 So o'er his brow care threw its gloomy shade.

* * * * *

Oft when the quiet even's pensive hour
 Shed o'er the village hum its magic pow'r,
 And drowned the buzz of business or of play,
 And drove the noisy train of light away,
 When naught was heard to greet the dreaming ear
 Save sounds that please, and pleasing it, endear ;
 The lowing herd, the warbling of the rill,
 The locust's cry, or weeping whip-poor-will,

The maiden, then, would wander forth alone,
And claim the sweets of solitude her own.

On such an eve as this Elnora stroll'd
Beyond her usual walk ; with molten gold
The western sky in dazzling splendor shone,
Stealing its glories from the solar throne.
Elnora paused,—“ ’Twas on a peaceful eve
How much like this,” she said (“ e’en now I grieve
To call it back), I wandered forth along
The Roanoke’s banks ; I sang the fav’rite song
That Henry loves, and then I chased a fawn,
The swiftest sure that ever trod the lawn,
’Till deep into the forest had he fled,
Where night her deathlike mantle soon o’erspread ;
My blood grows thick, and chill, and cold e’en now,
To think how throbb’d my beating, burning brow,
When like some guideless mariner storm-tost,
I gazed around, and shrieked, ‘ I’m lost ! I’m lost !’
Oh ! how I trembled when the dreadful night
Closed o’er me ! with what dire and wild affright
I heard the moaning of the dying breeze,
Scarce breathing, whisper lowly through the trees !
And oh, how leapt with joy my aching heart,
When through the gloom a ray was seen to dart
Like lightning’s flash across the midnight sky !
And when I heard that loud and piercing cry
I bounded through the forest with delight ;
But ah, how reeled my frame, how fled my sight,

When bursting on my wild bewildered gaze,
I saw my home wrapt in a volumed blaze !
And then a savage form appeared ; what next befel,
Alas, I know not, save I shrieked and fell ;
Then from that dreamless trance in terror woke,
Roused from my stupor by the brave Roanoke.
Poor, sad Roanoke ! Ah, could I but relieve,
His aching heart, and teach him not to grieve "——
"Thou can'st not, maiden," breathed a falt'ring voice,
"Roanoke can never, never more rejoice,
And yet "——

Elnora saw the glistening tear
That trembled in his eye ; unknown to fear
That heart, but if an Indian ever shed
A tear, down Roanoke's cheek it surely sped !
She gazed with pity at his quivering frame,
She felt the spell his stifled voice o'ercame,
She read the glance that o'er his features stole,
She saw the workings of his inmost soul,
Though sealed his lip, his tongue too dead to move,
'Twas silence told her that his grief was *love* !
"Farewell, Elnora ! Roanoke will not stay,
To steal the bliss his presence takes away ;
I go once more to join my father's band,
To guide his weak and ill-directed hand ;
'Tis *Cashie's* bloody will his council sways,
From virtue's path 'tis not *his* heart that strays ;"
"Oh, go not there," the weeping maiden cried,
"They seek thy life."

"I care not;" he replied;
 "I'll give my life the white man to befriend,
 My latest breath to shield him would I spend!
 Oh, say not then the Indian's heart is cold,
 Though it be callous both to blood and gold;
 Through forests dark, though 'tis his lot to roam,
 And call no kindlier spot, his cherished home;
 Though beasts and reptiles with him kindred claim,
 And know no difference, save a gentler name,—
 He loves his friends, and hates alone his foes,
 These he will slay, but he *will* succor those!
 Farewell, Elnora, may'st thou happy be,
 And if we meet no more, still think of me."
 He ceased; but ere the maiden could reply,
 The forest shades concealed him from her eye.

* * * * *

Once more, the council-fire's glimmering light
 Gleams through the forest and illumines the night;
 Once more the pipe completes its usual round,
 To calm each passion, and each foe confound.
 Roanoke, the pris'ner, bound with doubled thongs,
 To ease his tortured frame, for death now longs;
 His bleeding limbs writhe with the keenest pain,
 He feels, but scorns it, with a proud disdain;
 No struggling groan nor anguished cry is heard,
 His woes are deep within his breast interred.
 The grey-haired sachem viewed his pinioned child,
 Beloved,—though lost, dishonored, and revil'd.
 As Roman Junius on his sons pronounced

His country's law, and yet a sire's renounced,
So Tuscarora's heart like his was tost,
And throbbed the father's, in the patriot's lost !
" My son, no, *not* my son !" 'twas thus he spoke,
" Once Tuscarora's child, once fleet Roanoke,
Far from the path of duty hast thou trod,
A traitor to thy country and thy God ;
Prepare to meet the death thy crimes deserve !
Be this the dreadful doom of all who swerve
From virtue's ways, the villain's arts to try,
Thus shall the apostate and the traitor die !
Forget not whom thou wert, stain not with shame
Nor deeper dye thy father's tarnished name,
Meet death with calmness, if thou can'st, delight,
The stake shall claim thee at the dawn's first light."
" No ! not the stake," yelled fierce and bold Cashie,
" He loves the pale-face ; brothers, let him die
The white man's death ! come, let us bend a tree
And swing the traitor, as the Red-men see
The pale-faced villain hang ; give not the *stake*
To him who would the Red-man's freedom take
Who from our fathers and our God would roam,
And strives to rob us of our lands and home !"

Again the council's will approves Cashie,
Roanoke at dawn, the white man's death must die.

The morning sun rose fair, and bright, and gay.
(Oh, that his beams could drive our cares away !)

It shone upon the silent Indian band,
It fringed the gallows formed by Cashie's hand,
And lit a spark of joy in Roanoke's soul,
Destined to glow beyond the world's control.

They seize him now, and drag him to the spot
Where death awaits, and pangs are all forgot.

"My brothers ! I am innocent ; ye slay
One who ne'er dared your freedom to betray,
Who ever has fair Virtue's pathway trod,
Still loves his country, and adores his God.
Last night methought, when dreaming in my rest,
A spirit came, and told me, 'Thou art blest,
Thy guilty countrymen alone shall die.
Behold their fate !'

"I gazed, and saw the sky
Red with the morning's beams ; soon they decayed
Before the sun ; *Thus shall the Red-man fade !*
I looked again, I saw a blushing boy,
Rosy with health and wild with frantic joy,
Rush headlong o'er an unseen dang'rous steep,
And in a raging, storm-swept ocean leap ;
He sank within its depths, to rise no more.
Thus shall the Red-man leave his native shore !
Once more I gazed ; I saw a trembling form,
Worn down with age, and shattered by the storm,
Slowly approach, but yet no hand could save,
He tottered on, and fell into the grave.

*The white man's yawning arms like death shall clasp,
And press the Indian in their fatal grasp !”*

He ceased, and scarce had turned his thoughts on God,
Ere yet, alas, he swung a lifeless clod.

FINIS.

NOTES TO THE INDIAN GALLOWES.

FIRST CANTO.

(1.)—Reference is here made to the celebrated “Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence,” a faithful history of which will be found in the second part of Jones’s “Defence of North Carolina.” It is beside the object of this note to examine the grounds of dispute between Thomas Jefferson and the patriotic champion of North Carolina, or to substantiate or deny the charge of plagiarism, made by the latter against the former; and although I am willing, upon all proper occasions, to vindicate the honor of my native State, as well from the “aspersions” of Jefferson, as from those of any other assailant, yet it only remains for me at present to support the assertion made in the poem, by stating the *date* of the Mecklenburg Declaration, and by presenting a short extract from the resolutions, containing the clause of total absolution from the power of Great Britain. The third resolution is as follows; “That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people;—are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power, other than that of our God, and the general government of the Congress:—To the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.” But even admitting the *supposition* of Jefferson to be true, that this declaration is a fabrication (but which, in face of the evidence to support it, already before the world, is perfectly absurd), still, North Carolina is entitled to the honor of first proposing the separate independence of the American Colonies. In proof of this

it is only necessary to refer to the instructions sent by that State to her delegates in the Continental Congress, adopted on the 12th of April, 1776, by which they are "*empowered to declare independency*," more than ⁽⁷⁷⁾twelve months in advance of the same recommendation from Virginia.

SECOND CANTO.

(1.)—The Tuscarora tribe of Indians (of whose existence the "Indian Gallows" presents the only monument) was once powerful and flourishing; but like so many others whose very names are now forgotten, it has gradually decreased in numbers and power, until, at the present day, hardly a solitary Brave remains to mourn over the misfortunes of his race.

The whites continued to encroach upon their hunting grounds, and to filch from them the possessions of their fathers, until a few years before the war of the Revolution, they sold the whole of their lands, with the exception of a small tract measuring about twelve miles square; even this, shortly afterwards, they were compelled to lease for the long term of *one hundred and thirty-seven* years! Then bidding a last adieu to the forests in which their childhood's days were spent, and the mounds in which the bones of their sires mouldered, they took a final leave of their native land, and journeyed far away to the northward: here they united themselves with the five tribes resident in the State of New York, and since that period have lost their individuality, at present being known only by the appellation of the Six Nations. I well remember, a few years since (when but a child), a visit paid by Succarusa, a chief of this tribe, to the home of his fathers.

He came as an agent, to collect the sums then due upon the lease, and to make the necessary arrangements to relinquish to the State for ever this last remaining pittance of the broad domain of his ancestors. He was a very old man, the last of those who many years

before had taken refuge among the scarcely less unfortunate of his race.

"He only left, of all that noble train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain."

There was a venerable dignity about him that spoke "the stoic of the woods, the man without a tear."

He accompanied the commissioner from the county seat, to take one more look at the scenes of his nativity. This gentleman says he approached the old "Gallows" with a tottering step, evidently most deeply affected; looking above, beneath, around him, for an instant he almost lost his self-control; but suddenly recollecting himself, he carelessly shrugged his shoulders, uttered merely a significant "Ugh!" and announced his readiness to return.

He proceeded to the seat of government and bargained with the State, by which he disposed of, finally, the last claim of his tribe to the inheritance of their forefathers. He returned to the north, and though he lived several years afterwards, never again expressed a desire to visit the scene of his birth.

Such is the simple history of the Tuscarora tribe of Indians; a tribe once numbering thousands of warriors, now homeless, powerless, forgotten. Their very name unknown in the immediate vicinity of their exploits and extermination, and the story of their existence preserved alone in the Gallows and the vague tradition accompanying it, now for the first time recorded, though for more than a century it has been familiar to thousands. A neglect almost as cruel as their fate.

(2.) It is almost needless to say anything in explanation of the reference here made to the Calumet, or Pipe of Peace, of the North American Indians. Upon all important occasions, before going to war, after returning therefrom, in council, and not unfrequently upon the battle-field itself, the pipe passes around the circling chiefs. In Catlin's "Letters on the North American Indians," vol. i., p. 235, may be found a full description of the Calumet still in use among the western tribes. He says, "The calumet or pipe of peace, ornamented with the war-eagle's quills, is a sacred pipe, and never allowed to be used on any other occasion than that of

peace-making, when the chief brings it into treaty, and unfolding the many bandages which are carefully kept around it, has it ready to be mutually smoked by the chiefs after the terms of the treaty are agreed upon, as a means of solemnizing or signing, by an illiterate people, who cannot draw up an instrument and sign their names to it, as it is done in the civilized world. The mode of solemnizing is by passing the sacred stem to each chief, who draws only one breath of smoke through it, thereby passing the most inviolable pledge that he can possibly give for the keeping of the peace. There is no custom more uniformly in constant use amongst the poor Indians than that of smoking, nor any other more highly valued. His pipe is his constant companion through life, his messenger of peace; he pledges his friends through its stem and its bowl; and when its care-drowning fumes cease to flow, it takes a place with him in his solitary grave, with his tomahawk and war-club, companions to his long fancied 'mild and beautiful hunting grounds.'"

(3.)—It is an historical fact preserved in all the biographies of this most distinguished and unfortunate chieftain, that he not only conceived the plan, but partly carried it into execution, of uniting all the principal tribes in America for the purpose of expelling the English, who, at this time, 1675, began to flock in thousands to their shores; accordingly, we find this among the charges brought against him by the Plymouth colony, in justification of the war they declared against his tribe. I have taken the license of the poet with the name of the lamented Annawon, for although he was not really killed in the manner, nor at the place designated in the poem, yet he fell a sacrifice to his fidelity to his king and his country, and was executed by the colonists shortly after the assassination of King Philip.

(4.)—Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book," has given a most beautiful illustration of the respect the Indians always manifest for the bones of their dead, more particularly for the burying-grounds of those who were dear to them in life. He says, in his sketch of "Indian Traits:"—"An instance of one of those sudden exasperations, arising from a motive peculiar to the Indian character, is extant in an old record of the early settlement of Massachusetts.

The planters of Plymouth had defaced the monuments of the dead at Peapanagessit, and had plundered the grave of the sachem's mother of some skins with which it had been decorated : the Indians are remarkable for the reverence which they entertain for the sepulchres of their kindred ; tribes that have passed generations exiled from the abodes of their ancestors, when by chance they have been travelling in the vicinity, have been known to turn aside from the highway, and guided by wonderfully accurate tradition, have crossed the country for miles, to some tumulus, buried, perhaps, in woods, where the bones of their tribe were anciently deposited, and there have passed hours in silent meditation. Influenced by this sublime and holy feeling, the sachem whose mother's tomb had been violated gathered his men together, and addressed them in the following beautifully simple and pathetic harangue, a curious specimen of Indian eloquence, and an affecting instance of filial piety in a savage : — ‘ When last the glorious light of all the sky was underneath the globe, and birds grew silent, I began to settle, as is my custom, to take repose : before mine eyes were fast closed, methought I saw a vision, at which my spirit was much troubled, and trembling at the doleful sight, a spirit cried aloud, “ Behold, my son, whom I have cherished, see the breasts that gave thee suck, the hands that lapped thee warm, and fed thee oft ! Can'st thou forget to take revenge of the wild people who have defaced my monument in a despicable manner, disdaining our antiquities and honorable customs ? See, now the sachem's grave lies like the common people, defaced by an ignoble race. Thy mother doth complain and implore thy aid against this thievish people who have newly intruded in our land. If this be suffered I shall not rest quiet in my everlasting habitation.” This said, the spirit vanished, and I, all in a sweat, not able scarce to speak, began to gain some strength, and recollected my spirits that were fled, and determined to demand your counsel and assistance.’ ”

As another illustration of the respect shown to the dead by the Indians, no better instance can be selected than that of the celebrated Sac warrior, Black Hawk. He returned to his tribe in 1833, after his tour throughout the United States, and survived until the 3d October, 1838. In Drake's “ Book of the Indians,” it is

said, "when it was known that the spirit of the old chief had departed, many whites as well as Indians assembled at his lodge, and performed his last request, which was that he might be buried as all Sac chiefs anciently were, and it was in accordance done. No grave was made, but his body was placed upon the ground in a sitting position, with his cane between his knees and grasped in his hands, slabs or rails were then piled up about him. Such was the end of Black Hawk. Here however his bones did not long rest in peace, but they were stolen from their place of deposit some time in the following winter, and about a year after they were discovered in the possession of a surgeon of Quincy, Illinois, to whom some person had sent them to be wired together. When Governor Lucas of Iowa became acquainted with these facts, they were by his requisition restored to his friends."

END OF PART I.

P A R T I I.

COMPRISING

A T R A G E D Y

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

RELATING CHIEFLY TO

SCENES IN TEXAS.

TO

JAMES G. RHODES,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

TO WHOM,

MY DEAR BROTHER, could I so appropriately inscribe these occasional effusions, as to yourself? You, who sat by my side whilst many of them were composed; who encouraged them by your smiles, and rewarded them with your applause? You, who are so well acquainted with every person alluded to, and every locality described; who had a part in every friendship I contracted, and a share in every pleasure I enjoyed?

Accept, then, this slight testimonial of my regard, which, in the words of Florian, "the hand that wrote it now offers you as an evidence of affection."

W. H. RHODES.

Cambridge, October, 1845.

THEODOSIA,
THE PIRATE'S PRISONER.

A Tragedy,

IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

LAFITTE, . . .	<i>The Pirate Chief.</i>
CARL HELPENSTEIN, .	<i>The Second in Command.</i>
BRADFORD, . . .	<i>Secret enemy, and Rival of Lafitte.</i>
BOSTWICK, . . .	<i>Accomplice to Bradford.</i>
CLIFTON, . . .	<i>Governor of Fort at Galveston.</i>
PIRATES, . . .	<i>On several occasions.</i>
A HERALD, . . .	<i>Bearer of Proclamation from Gov. Claiborne.</i>
OFFICERS, . . .	<i>Accompanying Herald.</i>

WOMEN.

THEODOSIA, . . .	<i>A Prisoner.</i>
LOUISE, . . .	<i>Wife of Bradford.</i>

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Galveston Island. A tent in an enclosure, with a view of the Bay. Curtain rises and discovers LAFITTE and BRADFORD seated at a table covered with bottles, arms, &c.*

LAF. Well, well, Bradford, methinks the absent craft
Delays her coming long ; what say you, comrade ?

BRAD. She does. 'Tis now some two months since she left ;
The gallant Carl, her Captain, ere she sailed,
Declared to me, in confidence, his fears,
That he should ne'er return.

LAF. What said'st thou ? fears !

BRAD. Ay, fears ! Carl had his fears.

LAF. Ah ! 'twas well thought.

Yes, yes ; these monster wars of modern times
Make of the sea a highway, and drive thence
The pirate and his booty. England still
Wars on with fury 'gainst her enfranchised child ;
I feel the fate will yet be hers to fall
Beneath that infant's giant arm ! Oh, France,
My native land ! It should be thine to crush—

[*A gun is heard, they start.*]

What gun is that ? it must be Carl. Bradford,
Go see what signal has been set, and bring
Me instant word.

[*Exit* BRAD.

 If it be Carl, 'tis strange
What can have thus detained him ; and if not,
I know none else allowed a signal gun.

Enter BRADFORD.

BRAD. 'Tis Carl, Lafitte ; already has he left
The ship, and in the yawl e'en now has landed ;
He comes !

Enter CARL, *right arm in sling.* LAFITTE *gestures, and* BRADFORD *exit.*

LAF. I rejoice thou hast return'd,
Though wounded and disabled. Why so pale ?
Narrate thy fortunes, tell me whence this wound,
And what has caused thy long surprised delay ?

CARL. Lafitte ! Carl at thy hands received this sword,
Thou said'st 'twas won by service tried and true,
Oft was it dyed in blood to advance thy cause
And win myself a name among the brave ;
In both success was mine. Back to thy hands
I yield what never more will Carl unsheathe.
The hand that wielded once in pride and pow'r
This keen, this polished and this laurell'd blade,
Is now more fit, pierced by the dagger's point,
Again to draw and strike down strength and skill,
Than is the heart which then could gaze on blood,
And shrink not from its gory hue, nor start

At death's dull, ashy stare, to nerve that hand
Once more to crimson with life's ebbing tide,
The steel which ne'er till now knew pity's power !
Lafitte, receive what once I prized, but now,
Had I ne'er seen would give ten thousand worlds.

[*Offers the sword.*]

LAF. What ! Carl turned traitor ? as soon would I
Have doubted my own truth [*Aside*]. 'This wound, dear Carl,
Has driven resolution from her throne ;
Thy blood is fevered, and thy mind deranged.
Return thy sabre to thy side ; not now
Will we converse upon so strange a theme,
Another time, when rest, thy wound—

CARL. [*Interrupting.*] Lafitte !
Behold it at thy feet. My mind is calm,
My resolution firm as when in battle ;
No feverish heat excites me, and my wound
Not painful now, and trifling when received.
I have a prisoner !

LAF. [*In astonishment.*] What ? what dost thou say ?
A prisoner !

CARL. Ay ! a prisoner.

LAF. Carl, how oft
Have I commanded thee—thou know'st their fate !

CARL. Alas ! I do ; but hear me speak. We left
Some two months since, to coast along the shore
(Such were thy orders), till we reached the post
At Barataria ; and this we did.
Thence at my own discretion was the cruise.

LAF. 'Tis true.

CARL. Whilst lying here at anchorage
I learned with exultation and delight
The joyful tidings that a well armed ship,
Just equal to my own in guns and men,
Had left or soon would leave the river's mouth
For Charleston and New York. Always, Lafitte,
I scorned to act the dastard, coward part,
The world believes the pirate ever does ;
'Tis true, I've poured the murderous broadside
Into the heart of unoffending ships,
And shattered oft the peaceful merchant's bark
To glut my heartless comrades with the spoil,
But whilst I plied the match, my hand shrank back
Astonished at its cowardly intent.
How throbbed my heart then with delirious joy
When I discovered that this warrior ship,
Bristling with bayonets, had left Balize,
Laden with millions for the nation's purse,
To brave the ocean and her country's foes.
Not sordid gain but glory gilded hope,
And lent my arm new strength, my soul new fire.
At length near Charleston's bar, we saw the ship
With canvass spread progressing on her voyage.
Hast ever seen the hawk, well poised on high
In contemplation of its destined prey,
Swift as the lightning from the murky cloud,
Descend in whizzing suddenness, and grasp
The unconscious prize ? Even so did we pursue,

O'ertake, and grapple with our dangerous foe ;
Unlike the hawk's unarmed and helpless prey,
Long did she struggle ; long the dubious strife.
O'erpowered at length by our superior skill
She hauled her banner down, and not till then,
Did we display the pirate flag on high ;
Which had no sooner opened wide its folds
Than up again the starry pennon climbed !
Whilst o'er the dreadful din of battling hosts
A female's shrill and silvery voice was heard
To cheer her wearied countrymen ; her form
Bright as the rainbow tints the stormy sky,
Shone like an eagle 'mid the dark'ning smoke, *no yell*
And like an angel kindled hope in death !
But all was unavailing and in vain ;
She struck her colors and we seized our prize.
Within the inmost hold we sought and found
The object of our search, guarded by one,
Who scorned to yield, and fell defending her ;
A dagger flashed on high, aimed by herself
To pierce her own proud heart ; I gained her side
Ere yet the blow descended, and its point
Myself received.

LAF. Thy prisoner now is where ?

CARL. Confined on board.

LAF. Her dagger, where ?

CARL. Behold !

LAF. Does she not prize it ?

CARL. Often has she sworn,

And given her honor as a solemn pledge,
That if once more to her I would return
This jewelled blade, which more than life she prized,
It should harm none, and I should be her friend.

LAF. Give me the dagger. Hast thou never heard
The name of this fair heroine of thine ?

CARL. No ! never ; for her lips like death are sealed,
Whene'er of her I ask friends, name or home.

LAF. In this thy orders thou hast disobeyed ;
Go to thy ship, and send in haste on shore
The prisoner thou hast ta'en ; wilt have thy sword ?

CARL. Dost *thou* not know me ? I have answered, no !

LAF. Return then to thy craft and there remain,
Until Lafitte shall judge thy punishment.

[*Exit* CARL.]

Oh fortune ! ever changeful ! yet the same ;
In early youth my dearest friend betrayed,
And now, when years and crime have silvered o'er
My furrowed brow with life's bleak winter snows,
My last remaining, best loved, cherished friend
Threatens to prove a traitor to his trust and me.

[*Starts.*

Ah ! now I see through this entangled maze ;
The girl has beauty, and displayed a soul,
Which Carl,—romantic e'en in crime,—admires ;
Nay, 'tis not admiration, distant, cold,
That lures him on ; 'tis something more, 'tis love !
A girlish, puling, sick, romantic love.
What's to be done ? In the meantime, this tent

Shall serve both to imprison and protect
This modern Joan of Arc. Louise !

[*Calls.*

Enter LOUISE.

Louise,

The craft which anchored in the bay this morn,
Has now on board a female prisoner ;
This tent shall henceforth be her home and thine ;
Prepare for her reception ; when she comes,
Announce to her that I, Lafitte, Lafitte,
“ The Pirate of the Gulf,” and “ Scourge of God,”
The ocean Hun, the Al’ric of the seas,
Face to face would speak with her. Give her this,

[*Gives dagger to LOUISE.*

And tell her ’tis a pledge, that when at home,
From all dishonor she is not more free,
Than now beneath my potent, dreaded sway.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.—*Cabin on board vessel ; curtain rises, and discovers
THEODOSIA in deep mourning, in an attitude of prayer.*

THEO. [*Sola.*] Oh God of Heaven ! At thy holy hands
I pray for pity and deliverance !
What deadly sin, what black and cruel crime,
Has ‘Theodosia’s hand or heart e’er known ?

[*Rises.*

Scarce had my father, long a spurned exile,

Returned from foreign lands, and pressed the soil
Which gave him birth, and which he fought to free,
Ere unrelenting death struck down my child,
And stole my boy, unblest by him, away !
My father's grief I would have comforted,
And *my own woe* forgot in soothing *his*,
And left my husband's roof with this intent ;
But scarcely had Fort Moultrie's tow'ring walls
Been lost behind the wave which hid my home,
Ere the black banner of the pirate waved
Above the mangled bodies of my friends !
Oh, Death ! for me thou hast no dreaded dart,
Since Fate has spent its quiver in my heart !

[*A knock is heard.*

Who can disturb a wretched woman's grief,
Or seek to soothe, when prayer gives no relief ?

[*Enter CARL.*

CARL. Lady, forgive what I could not avoid ;
This bold intrusion is not made through choice ;
Lafitte, the dreaded master of these seas,
Demands thy instant presence at his tent.

THEO. Lafitte, said'st thou ? "the Pirate of the Gulf ?"
Oh God ! oh, God ! then am I lost indeed !

CARL. No ! no, thou art *not* lost ; thou hast a friend ;
Carl Helpenstein, the master of this ship,
And second in command, swears to be true
To thee ! Lafitte shall harm thee not ! Alas,
I had forgotten that I am his pris'ner.

[*Bitterly.*

THEO. What did'st thou say? But now I was informed
Thy post was next——

CARL. [*Interrupting.*] Lady, I am not now
What once I was; I am no more a fiend,
And all my pow'r has vanished with my guilt.
But one short hour ago, I had a sword,
And would have wielded it in thy defence,
But doubly powerless behold me now.

[*Looks at his wound.*]

THEO. Still art thou not my friend? thou hast been kind
And gentle as a brother, heretofore.

CARL. Yes, lady; still to thee I'd be a friend,
But all my pow'r is wrested from my hands;.
Long have I witnessed thy distress, and sought,
Unknown to thee, to give thy heart relief.
Hast thou forgotten when the tempest raged,
And Key West's rocky reef before us foamed,
Like Norway's mad Maelstrom; whilst the huge waves
Rose like a ridge of mountains capped with snow;
Hast thou forgotten what a near approach
We made to shipwreck? And for what? 'Twas I
Who then was helmsman, and that very night,
Our ship the billows would have hurl'd on shore,
And 'midst confusion, darkness, and dismay,
I would have found for thee a safe retreat;
But in the very act a voice was heard
Which shouted "treachery!" whilst I was seized,
Intoxication feigning, and deprived
Of the last hope of desperate escape.

THEO. Art thou still my friend ?

CARL. Can'st thou doubt it *now* ?

THEO. Restore my dagger.

CARL. Lady, I cannot ;

Lafitte beheld its blazing diamond hilt,
And claimed the poniard as his own : forgive,
Forgive me, lady ; on my knees, behold,
I crave thy pardon and implore forgiveness !

THEO. Rise ; freely do I pardon thee.

[BRADFORD *enters behind*.

CARL. Never !

No, never will I rise, until thy tongue
Grants full forgiveness for my damning guilt,
In dragging thee from country, friends, and home.

THEO. Kneel not to me ; ask mercy of thy God !

CARL. Great God ! Behold a pirate penitent
Before thee !

[BRADFORD *comes forward*.

BRAD. Carl, Lafitte demands thy pris'ner.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE 3.—*A tent on shore. Curtain rises, and discovers THEO-
DOSIA and LOUISE in conversation.*

THEO. And thy name is Louise ?

LOU. Yes ; Louise Nash.

THEO. Hast thou lived long among this pirate band ?

LOU. Oh yes, for more than five long years have past

Since Bradford stole me from my mother's arms,
And taught me all the misery of crime.

[THEODOSIA *weeps*.

Lady, why do you weep ? what makes you weep ?

THEO. Oh, Louise ! Louise, home with its joys,
Now lost for ever, shot its meteor ray
Across my darkened soul, when that fond name
Escaped thy lips ; I was a *mother* once !

LOU. Poor lady [*aside*]. And art thou not a mother now ?

THEO. No ! The grave clasps within its cold embrace,
The child these arms enfolded.

LOU. Hast thou none,
No husband, father, brother, who will come
To rescue or to ransom thee ?

THEO. Alas,
I have a husband, and a father too,
Who, did they know their wife's and daughter's fate,
Would traverse this wide world, o'er land and sea,
And squander blood, and thousands for her sake.
My husband's hand directs a mighty state,
And once my sire presided over millions.
Hast never heard of Aaron Burr ?

LOU. I have,
A traitor to his country, was he not ?
He surely cannot be thy sire !

THEO. He is !
And I am proud to own him such ; traitor !
Was he a traitor when Montgomery fell ?
Did treason nerve his arm on Monmouth's plain ?

Did treason guide his counsels when in pow'r ?
No, no ; the blackest treason Aaron Burr,
In head or heart committed or conceived,
Was a proud act of noble, just revenge !
Dost thou not know when hated rivals rise,
That half an envious generation frowns ?

LOU. But, lady, did he never strive to wrest
The plains of Texas from their Spanish lord,
And make himself their king ? So have I read.

THEO. I tell thee, Louise, had he won success,
The knaves that cursed would then have worshipped him ;
This very spot would now have smiled in peace,
And I been happy in a father's arms.
Oh ! Louise, Louise, heaven has poured down
On my defenceless head, a thousand ills.
Oh ! that the earth would open and engulf me !
Then with my boy I'd rest in sweet repose.
Bring me a dagger, I will end my woes !

LOU. Calm thyself, lady, wipe thy tears away,
And listen to the object of my mission ;
Thy deep distress dispelled it from my mind.

THEO. Proceed.

LOU. This dagger once was thine ; Lafitte
Restores it to thee, as a pledge that here
None shall insult or dare dishonor thee.

THEO. [*Snatching the dagger.*] Go, thank him, Louise,
for the sacred gift ;
With this, I hurl defiance at Lafitte
And all his pirate bands ! Thou'rt mine once more !

I feel that now I am not all alone ;
My father's parting present to his child ;
" God grant," said he, " it never may be thine
To plunge this blade in any mortal's breast,
And fate most horrid of all others, dim
Its lustrous steel with thy own precious blood ;
But, daughter ! Always act whilst life remains,
As though thy father's eye were looking on !"
Thanks, thanks, Lafitte, to me thou hast restored,
A friend to shield against a world in arms !

[A knock.

LOU. [*Going to the door.*] Lafitte would speak with thee.

THEO. Admit him, then.

Enter LAFITTE and exit LOUISE.

LAF. No, no ! it is not, cannot be Therese,
For time, ere this, has bent her stately form ; [*Aside.*]
Lady, who art thou ? Speak.

THEO. I am thy pris'ner !

LAF. But thy name ?

THEO. Why should'st thou know it ?

Would'st thou respect a name, and yet destroy the body ?

LAF. Be not so fearful, lady, of thy life ;
Beneath my care, which here I swear shall guard thee,
Thou art as safe as when within thy home ;
Lafitte wars not with women, and robs not
The destitute.

THEO. Why am I then his pris'ner ?

LAF. I spared thy life, and can I not restore
Thee to thy friends and home ?

THEO. Behold me thus ! [*Throws herself at his feet.*]
Upon my knees, Lafitte, I beg, beseech, implore,
Thy aid, to free me from this dreadful doom.
Man ! hast thou still a heart within thy breast,
Or did one ever throb within, ere guilt
Had changed its human guise to icy stone ?
By that heart's lost, but still remembered power,
By those dear ties which bound it to thy sire,
By those fond tendrils, withered though they be,
Which clung around thy childhood's early home,
And chained that heart close to a mother's breast ;
By thy last, fading, fleeting hopes of Heaven !
And by thy slumb'ring, stifled fears of Hell !
I now conjure thee to restore a child
Unto her wretched father's lost embrace !
A wife, unto her husband's widowed arms !
Dost thou not speak ? [*Rises.*] Hear then my solemn oath ;
Behold this glittering steel ! Deep shall it dive
Into this bursting heart, and at thy feet,
This hour I swear to lie a lifeless clod,
Unless thy power be pledged to grant my prayer !

LAF. Hold ! lady, hold ! I swear to grant thy wish.

[*Quickly.*]

THEO. Thank God ! thank God ! I yet shall see,
My father, husband, all I prize on earth.
Lafitte, when shall I leave this gloomy den ?

LAF. Soon shall thy restoration be. Lafitte
Dares not now desert his post. Weeks may pass,
Before this coast, now thronged with men-of-war,

Can be in safety traversed by my ships.
Whilst here be patient, as thou art secure,
And thou shalt learn it is no idle boast,
That pirates sometimes honor truth. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

THEO. [*Sola.*] Oh ! Heav'n-born hope ; again thy radiance
beams

Within the breast, where black despair so late
Held his dread empire ; pois'ning grief itself
With horrid apprehension of a fate,
Compared to which death would be sweet indeed !
Oh ! how my glad heart bounds with gay delight !
Restored to friends and home ! I'm mad with joy.
Louise ! [*Calls LOUISE.*]

Enter LOUISE.

Know'st thou some fair, secluded spot,
Where unobserved I may retire, and breathe
The pure fresh air which fans this lovely isle ?

LOU. Yes, lady ; many such I know, and will
Attend thy steps.

THEO. Lead then, and I will follow.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Sea Beach. Time, Midnight. Enter LAFITTE.*

LAF. [*Solus.*] Why should so strange a time, so lone a place,
Be sought by Bradford to reveal his secret ?
Something he knows important to Lafitte,
Involving, it may be, his life and station ;
And as we parted, in a warning voice
He whispered meaningly, “ Beware of Carl ! ”
And I remember now, that ere he came,
He spoke of *Carl*, and *fears* ; words strangely joined !
But then Carl’s conduct at our interview
Was wondrous and suspicious ; it must be,
This pris’ner has aroused his generous soul,
And early life, with all its innocence,
Its loves, its joys and its ambitious hopes,
Has rushed thronging back upon his memory,
And lit with an unusual ray the night
Of crime which has for years frowned o’er his path ;
Such feelings oft have I, and since he came,
And brought this fair and woe-struck prisoner,
Memory has been too busy with the past !

I've promised, too, to give her liberty,
So much does she resemble her I loved
When all was innocence ; who could refuse ?
The hardest heart must melt when pity's fires
Are kindled by the sighs, which burst in storms,
From bosoms torn by anguish such as hers !
Lafitte ! Lafitte ! thou art not now thyself ;
A *woman's tears* deter thee from the path
Thou'st sworn to tread in vengeance for the wrongs
Heaped on thy head, by treach'ry and injustice.
No ! no ! Therese proved false, and clasped a friend,
Whom till that hour, suspicion's piercing eye,
Quick-sighted though it be, had never seen
But as a second self ; 'twas *then* I swore
Eternal vengeance 'gainst both God and man ;
And all the laurels which on Lodi's bridge
I won, were trodden to the dust and spurned.
France, friends, and glory, all have I forsworn,
To wage against the world unending war !
She is a *woman*, and I seek revenge ;
She is, ay, and shall remain, a pris'ner,
A pirate's pris'ner ! [*A person approaches.*]

What ho, there ! Bradford !

BRAD. Ay, Lafitte.

LAF. I'm here at thy appointment.

BRAD. Much have I to say at duty's bidding
Which may involve thy fate ; long has it been,
Since first suspicion flashed across my mind,
That Carl is not what once he was ; of late,

His conduct has been more than strange.

LAF. 'Tis true.

BRAD. Lafitte, he meditates the traitor's part.

LAF. [*Starting.*] It cannot be !

BRAD. I fear it is too true.

This female pris'ner whose life he spared,
Thy strictest orders setting at defiance,
Calls for a close and careful scrutiny.
Heard'st thou, Lafitte, his late attempt to wreck
On Key West's coral reef, the noble ship
Entrusted to his care ?

LAF. [*In astonishment.*] What dost thou mean ?

BRAD. I ask if thou hast heard his late attempt
To wreck his ship ?

LAF. No ! not one word. Is't so ?

BRAD. It is ; I have the clearest proof ; you know
How true and faithful always to our cause
Bostwick has been ? He witnessed and will swear,
That but for him, Carl and his fair pris'ner
Would have escaped in safety from a wreck !

LAF. Produce old Bostwick ; if he swears 'tis true,
Carl dies before another sun has set !
Farewell !

BRAD. Lafitte, a moment more I ask.
Hast heard thy pris'ner's name and state ?

LAF. Not yet ;
I asked them both, but she refused to tell.

BRAD. She has to Louise everything revealed ;
And but an hour since, I learned——

SCENE 2.—*Discovers* LAFITTE, BRADFORD, BOSTWICK, CLIFTON,
Governor of the Fort, and Officers in consultation. CARL, *as*
a prisoner.

LAF. Carl, you are charged with treachery. Bostwick,
What know you of his guilt ?

BOST. On the return
From our long cruise, we passed near Key West's reef ;
A storm was raging, Carl was at the helm ;
Nearer we seemed to close upon the reef,
Until at length the foaming breakers rolled
All round the ship ; when, thinking that I saw
In Carl's demeanor something strange and wild,
And more than all observed a gloomy smile
(Whene'er the flashing lightning fired the sky)
Light up his face, as peril still increased ;
I gained his side, and snatched the helm away,
And cried aloud that " treason " was at work ;
Carl staggered off, as tho' he had been drunk,
And left the ship to my control and care.

BRAD. Lafitte, is not his treach'ry proved ? if not,
Did I not see thee, Carl, upon thy knees,
Asking forgiveness of thy prisoner
For dragging her from kindred, friends, and home ?

LAF. What can'st thou urge in thy defence ? Proceed.

[*To* CARL.

CARL. Lafitte, beware of Bradford ! He's thy foe,
And mine ! I wait my punishment.

LAF. Clifton, confine him in the fort, in chains.

Bradford, receive my thanks ; thy post is hence
Next to my own, and second in command.
The ship in port is masterless ; 'tis thine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.—*On shipboard. Discovers BRADFORD, BOSTWICK,
and a number of Pirates, carousing over wine, &c.*

FIRST PIRATE. Here's to Captain Bradford, and his ship !

[*Drinks.*

SECOND PIRATE. A song from Captain Bradford.

PIRATES ALL. Ay, a song !

BRAD. Comrades ! my voice is hoarse, and little used
To the soft, winning notes of harmony ;
No music charms my ear like that which sounds
Amid the battle's roar and storm's career,
But if it be your wish, I'll sing.

PIRATES. A song !

BRAD. [*Sings.*]

I.

I love the sea,
For its waves to me
Are the prancing steeds I ride ;
And the winds that sweep
O'er the billowy deep,
My proud ship has defied !

II.

When lightnings flash,
And thunders crash,
And tempests heave the main,

My bark bounds on,
Like a frightened fawn,
But their rage is all in vain!

III.

I love the sea,
For it is to me
The battle-field of fame;
'Tis here my sword
May millions hoard,
And win a glorious name!

IV.

If once on high
My banner fly,
No foe can drag it down,
For storm and pike,
It scorns alike,
Tho' skies and kingdoms frown!

PIRATES. Huzza! Bravo! Bradford for us; Huzza!

BRAD. But, friends, we shall forget why we are here.

FIRST PIRATE. No! no! Speak on, Bradford,
We'll hear thee; speak!

BRAD. Then, comrades, as I said before, our ships
Should not lie rotting in this tiresome bay;
Why should we wait the pleasure of one man,
To bid us come and go, like dogs or slaves?
Besides, Lafitte has changed; day after day

He bids us to defer, and still delays
The hour when we shall sail upon our cruise.
And then this pretty pris'ner brought by Carl,
He watches night and day, as tho' he feared
The rough and vulgar gaze of you, my friends,
Might stain her beauty or disturb her peace ;
Whole hours together have I seen him sit
Upon the bastions of the fort, and gaze
Upon her whilst she took her evening stroll.
Carl is not dead, for she desired his life,
And he to please her whim forgets our wrongs,
And pardons treason, for her sake alone.
Comrades, you all know Bradford's proudest wish,
Is to deserve the confidence and love
Of men like you, who know not fear, and scorn
The weakness to be moved by woman's words ;
But yesterday, our chief himself declared
His firm intent to set this pris'ner free,
Against our wishes, and unransomed too.
Comrades ! shall we submit to acts like these ?
If Bradford leads you on, dare you resolve,
And will you swear to follow and defend him ?

PIRATES ALL. We will ! we will ! We swear to follow thee.

BOST. Lafitte has lost his soul ; and I, for one,
Prefer to follow Bradford ; he is brave,
And woman's groans and sighs pass him like wind.

PIRATES. Bradford for ever !

BRAD. I thank you, comrades ;
If you desire it then, I'll be your leader ;

I will anon go hence, and strive to bribe
 Old Clifton at the fort to join our cause ;
 And if we gain the fort, the bay is ours,
 And we can pass the harbor's mouth in safety.
 Now, friends, you may retire ; good-night !

PIRATES.

Good-night !

[*Exeunt* PIRATES.]

BRAD. [*Solus.*] My plan works better than I dared to hope.

The men are anxious all to leave the bay,
 And reap more spoil and booty ; *and they shall !*
 Lafitte, soon shalt thou know that Bradford's arm
 Is equal to thine own in strength and skill.
 Why should I not destroy him ? He has slain
 Men by the thousand, ay, and women too !
 Am I not Pirate ? Is a traitor worse ?
 One blow would free me from him ; true—but then
 His death might call up foes, and *I* might fall.
 The vilest wretch on earth can boast a friend.
 No, no ; I'll strive at first by peaceful means,
 And if these fail, why blood can still be shed ;
 The last resort e'en in a pirate's code ;
 Carl spoke aright, Lafitte, when he declared
 That I'm his foe and thine ; yes, *both* shall perish !

[*Exit* BRADFORD.]

SCENE 4.—*Tent, at night.* Enter THEODOSIA and LOUISE.

THEO. Lafitte, of late, has been so full of gloom,
 Wearing so threatening, yet so sad a brow,

And speaks to me in such mysterious terms,
Avoiding all my questions when I ask
Concerning my departure, or again
Repeating the same false and idle tale
Of warrior ships which throng these distant seas,
That I begin to doubt his truth, and fear
He is resolved to keep me here his prisoner.

LOU. Did'st thou not know that such is his intent ?

THEO. It cannot be, Louise, for he has sworn
By all that men should honor and revere,
That I shall be restored to home and kindred.

LOU. Hast thou forgotten, lady, where thou art ?
Are pirates *men* that they should honor truth ?
Murder's their sport, and perjury their jest !
Their truth is falsehood, and their God is blood !
Blood is their native element ; as fish
That take their hues from their accustom'd brine,
Eat, drink, and sport amid their liquid homes,
So they are crimsoned in those seas of gore
Which their own hands have shed ; on blood they feed,
On blood they fatten, and bloodstained they die !

THEO. Lafitte cannot be one of these ; he speaks,
And hope swells my heart ; 'tis of late alone
That he seems changed.

LOU. Then, lady, tell me why,
Unless Lafitte be deepest dyed with blood,
Reigns he a king among this pirate band ?
Bradford has spoken often of his deeds,
And I shrank back instinctively appall'd,

As he related how that demon's sword,
Dripping with blood drawn from a female's heart,
Oft has he held aloft and shouted "vengeance!"
Then would he draw the wet and gory steel
Across his hellish lips, and cry, "how sweet!"
Of late said'st thou he's changed? The day you came
I heard his own tongue swear that you were *his*,
And his for ever!

THEO. For ever his? No! no
Lafitte himself has placed within my grasp
One friend [*takes hold of dagger*], which if the heart itself be true,
Will cling the closer as the danger nears.
A human friend when rising clouds o'ertake,
May fly the storm, and fellow-friend forsake;
Trust not the breast which hatred may conceal,
Earth's truest friend is honor-shielding steel!
But tell me, Louise, dost thou truly speak?

LOU. Ay, lady, 'twas the very night you came,
I heard Lafitte declare in accents dread
That never should you leave his pirate den.
Bradford, my husband, thinking that I slept,
Stole from my side at midnight and departed.
Suspecting danger, I resolved to follow,
And this I did until we reached the shore;
Here I concealed lay, hidden by the drift
Which Brazos drives into the raging gulf,
Whose waves, planted with forests torn away
From native plains, spurn them upon the sands.
'Twas there I heard Lafitte declare thy doom.

THEO. Ah ! a thought flashes through my brain. [*Aside.*]
Louise !

Art *thou* a pirate, and dost thou love blood ?

LOU. What mean you, Lady ? Ah, her mind is gone !

THEO. No ! Louise, no ; still I am myself ; but say,
Art thou a pirate ? Dost thou feed on blood ?

LOU. No, no, my lady ! All her pain is o'er !

THEO. Then hear me ! Thou hast a woman's form,
A woman's heart should throb within thy breast ;
Dost thou not see my woe ? Hast thou no pity ?
And wilt thou not one effort make, one hand
Extend, to save me from this deep abyss ?

LOU. [*Weeping.*] Yes, yes ! I'll be thy friend ; do aught
required

To save thee from dishonor and from death.

THEO. List then ; Carl is my firm, my only friend ;
He may be able to assist, or snatch
Me from this dreary den ; go, Louise, go ;
Obtain admission to his dungeon cell,
Release him from confinement, and tell him
That rescue, instant rescue must be mine,
Or deep into my heart I plunge this blade.
Here, take this cloak, the guard will let thee pass,
Disguise the prisoner as thyself, and haste,
Fly to his prison ; here will I remain
And wait his coming or prepare to die.

[*Exit LOUISE with cloak.*]

Oh Life, how sweet e'en to the child of grief !

Still ~~as~~ we cling to thee, whate'er our lot,
At best thou art a dungeon's cell, which holds
Within its damp recess the imprisoned soul ;
Yet how we dread to pass beyond its portals !
Thou art a black and rayless night of woe,
Without one star to gild the awful gloom ;
Yet as the morn approaches, how we shrink
And shudder, lest the glorious sun *should* burst
Upon our darkened spirits, and dispel
The pleasing phantoms which ~~woo~~ us here ! *delude*
Such ! such is life, when she is full adorn'd
In all her richest gems and gay attire ;
If this her pride, how base must be her shame !
Bought at dishonor's price, ah, who would buy ?
Lost in our honor's cause, who would not lose ?
Father, fear not thy daughter's heart is base,
'Twill cease to throb ere sullied with a stain ;
Her life thy precepts guided, and her death,
If die she must, shall cast no shame on thee.
Ah ! but to clasp no more the friendly hand,
To part for ever from a father's arms,
To feel no more a husband's fond embrace,
To bid farewell to earth and all its joys,
To hear no more the sweet birds chirp of love,
The brook and streamlet murmur plaintive lays,
And music's strain, which melts the soul to tears !
To see for the last, latest time on earth
The brilliant sun, which kindles gloom to glory,

And lights the world with twice ten-thousand charms ;
And whilst I feel his warm and cheerful rays
Fire my whole frame with gratitude and love,
To *know* that he no more will rise for *me* !
No more will gild the earth to glad *my* eyes !
No more will warm *my* bosom with his genial glow !
Oh, God ! oh, God ! 'tis *this* which makes us dread
The loss of life, and shrink appalled from death !

[*Enter CARL, enveloped in a cloak.*

CARL. Fly, Lady, fly ! the guard observed me pass,
The watch-word called, which Louise' haste forgot,
Suspected and pursued me. Hence away ! [*Alarm without.*
Fly for your life, the alarm's already given ;
A moment, and for ever we are lost !
[*They haste away, and in the bustle THEODOSIA drops her dagger.*

Enter BRADFORD.

BRAD. A guard ! a guard ! the pris'ner's fled ; Louise !

[*Calls.*

Why dost thou not reply ? Louise ! gone too ?
I'll hasten in pursuit.

[*In going out meets CLIFTON.*

CLIF.

Carl has escaped,

And left Louise a pris'ner in his stead !

BRAD. Carl gone ? Revenge shall yet be mine ; away !
I'll chase him to the world's remotest bounds,
Ere yet my vengeance I'll forego ; what's this !

[*Takes the dagger.*

A dagger with a jewell'd hilt ; 'tis mine.
Clifton, inform Lafitte his pris'ner's fled ;
Haste in pursuit, before it is too late ;
I'll cross to the main land, myself, and search
The sea-shore to the Mississippi's mouth.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Room in fort. Discovers LAFITTE, BRADFORD, CLIFTON, BOSTWICK, and officers and pirates in council. CARL, LOUISE, and THEODOSIA bound as prisoners.*

BRAD. Lafitte, what doom awaits the prisoners ?

LAF. Death. [LOUISE *faints*.

Remove them, Clifton, to the strongest cells

In the fort's dungeons, and confine them there ;

Give each a separate prison, lest again

Thy vigilance, through cunning, they elude.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE 2.—*Sea-shore. Night. Enter BRADFORD and BOSTWICK.*

BRAD. The men are ripe and ready for revolt ;

My whole ship's crew are anxious to depart,

And hourly as I pass them, whisper, " When ? "

BOST. All nothing, Bradford, worse than nothing ;

They grow impatient, and may thus betray.

I tell thee, that the guns which guard the fort

Must all be silenced ere we can depart.

What if we hoisted sail to-morrow morn,

And strove to reach the gulf? A single ball
Might sink the ship before she sailed a rod.
Old Clifton must be bribed; he loves Lafitte
As brother brother, or as sire the son,
But gold he loves yet more; gold is his god!
A bribe will close his lips; then all is safe.

BRAD. Bostwick, some plan to rid us of Lafitte
Would make our triumph far more safe and sure;
Know you no hand to strike so *great* a blow?

BOST. That must not be; his death would be avenged;
We must be circumspect, avoid all haste——

BRAD. Ah! Bostwick, now I have a plan devised
By which we may avoid his death, yet reap
The full results as though he had been slain.
Thou know'st the fort at Barataria
Is in communication, almost daily,
With this at Galveston; 'tis now some weeks
Since news has reached Lafitte, despatch'd from thence;
Already is suspicion 'roused, that danger
Threatens to destroy that post; one line
Would ripen all his fears to certainty,
And he would instantly depart from hence,
Take with him arms and men, and leave myself
Commander of this station in his absence.

BOST. But, Bradford, if we forge the letter, still
The want of sealing with the secret stamp
Would prove the treach'ry, and betray us.

BRAD. True, Bostwick, true; but we can forge the stamp.
I have it, yes!—I do remember now

An old despatch, which montns and months ago
I opened, whilst Lafitte was gone elsewhere ;
The wax is still unhurt, and I'll attach
The unbroke seal upon our false despatch.
Away, I'll instantly proceed with this,
And taste the sweets of triumph and revenge.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.—THEODOSIA'S *dungeon.*

THEO. [*Sola.*] Death, then, awaits us all, and mine the hand
That brings to Carl and Louise punishment.
Carl has a noble heart, and seeks atonement
For the dread crimes which blacken all the past.
Oh ! that I had the pow'r to save his life,
Or grant him pardon for his thousand sins !
Guilt dyes the hand in blood, and stains the soul
With the foul blot of misery and shame ;
But deep as man may plunge in infamy,
One single act, repentant of his crimes,
Lends angels' wings to bear his spirit upward,
On whose bright pinions his unshackled soul
May spurn the abyss, and soar in peace to heav'n !

Enter LAFITTE.

LAF. Lady, I come to bid a last farewell
To thee, the first, the last, the only pris'ner
Lafitte e'er had, or e'er shall have, to grace
The dungeons of his fort ; I shall go hence
To-morrow, ere the sun has tinged the sky

With the first dawns of his rising splendor ;
 Thy fate, and that of Louise, and of Carl
 Are left in Bradford's keeping.

THEO. Ay, no doubt
 The slave can do the bidding of the master.

LAF. Nay, lady, 'tis his own to spare or punish
 As his judgment prompts——

THEO. Or as thy own decrees !

LAF. Believe me, I would serve thee if I dared ;
 To give thee freedom would destroy my own.
 My men e'en now complain of my delay,
 And Clifton told me not an hour ago,
 That strange and threat'ning words the seamen spoke,
 Of tardiness, and mercy, and release——

THEO. [*Interrupting him.*] Lafitte, what brought thee
 here ; 'twas not alone

The wish to bid thy prisoner farewell ;
 What was the real object of thy coming ?

LAF. It is most true ; I had another aim
 In visiting thy prison ; I have said
 To-morrow's sun will witness my departure ;

[*Approaches* THEODOSIA.]

I am an outcast, lady, and care not
 Whither I shall wend my way——

THEO. What mean you ?

LAF. To offer thee thy liberty and life,
 On this condition, that thou goest with me.

THEO. Never ! no, never ; sooner would I die
 Ten thousand deaths than sacrifice——

LAF. [*Interrupting.*] Hear me ;
I do not ask a sacrifice, I ask
Thy own consent to grant thee liberty,
Full freedom from this pirate horde, and life !
Has death no terrors, life no joys for thee ?
Art thou prepared to die ? And wilt thou spurn
The generous offer of a friend, who now
Would snatch thee from a bloody, yawning grave,
Guard thee from danger, and protect thy life ?
Consider, lady, thou art young and fair,
And life to thee is sweet, and claims regard.
Far off from men and all their cares and crimes,
Within the bosom of some tranquil sea,
May we not find a lovely island home,
Fanned by soft breezes and delightful gales,
Fresh'ning with health and laden with perfume,
Where I could win repentance for my sins,
And thou could'st half forget thy native land !

THEO. Oh ! do not tempt me thus, for I am weak,
And death so hideous in my eyes, and life——

LAF. Many such fairy isles I know ; e'en now
I can imagine that I stand aloft
Upon the cliffs which shield fair Coz'mel's shore,
And gaze upon an ocean calm as heaven !
In the blue distance rise those tow'ring peaks,
Capp'd with unmelting snows, or shooting high
In profound azure their eternal fires,
Which tell the mariner that the Andes' chain
Stretches its giant rock-built links before him ;

Whilst underneath I view the mould'ring domes
Of many a grand and noble edifice,
Rear'd by proud nations, now no more,
Ere yet Columbus' eye had pierced the main !
Oh, lady ! fly with me where life and joy

[*Takes her hand.*

And peace and bliss await thee, or remain
A pirate's wretched pris'ner doom'd to die !

THEO. 'Tis past ! Once more I'm Theodosia !
It was my sex's weakness, not my own ! [*Aside.*
Pirate ! traitor ! villain ! hear now my words,
And let them blast thee to the earth, and strike
Thee dumb with shame. Pirate I knew thou wert,
And treach'ry is an attribute of vice ;
But dastard cowardice now brands thy name.
Fly from my sight, foiled tempter of my virtue ;
Thou, who would'st make a woman's weakness *crime*,
And basely charm the prey thou would'st devour !
Go to thy kindred brute, the slimy snake,
And bid him teach thy serpent heart his wiles ;
Still dost thou lack thy brother reptile's cunning.
Go ! try elsewhere thy art, and to ensure
Thy future acts success, this lesson learn ;—
That woman, borne aloft on virtue's wings,
May, like the eagle, falter on her way,
But in her breast there ever dwells a power,
Which like the might that nerves the eagle's plume
Whene'er she flags, supports her upward flight ;
And with her gaze still fixed on heaven's sun,

She'll soar above temptation's lowering storms,
 And gain her home,—the bosom of her God !
 Away, foul tempter, leave me to myself,
 I always hated, but I now abhor thee !
 I never fear'd thy power, I now despise it !
 Do thy worst, 'twill not unbend my soul ;
 My flesh may quiver, but my heart is firm ;
 No torture daunts the child of Aaron Burr !

LAF. Sorrow, not anger, lady, fills my breast,
 And chokes the further utterance of words ;
 Farewell ; I offered thee thy liberty
 And life ; thy own tongue has pronounced thy doom.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—*Room in fort. Night. Enter CLIFTON and LAFITTE.*

CLIF. 'Tis true, Lafitte, his conduct is most strange ;
 He speaks to me as though I were his slave ;
 And raised by you, as next in rank and station,
 Threatens to give my old command to Bostwick.
 There's treason brewing ; do not leave, Lafitte.

LAF. I must ; my presence is required this hour.

CLIF. What can have happened ? Do you not suspect
 The letter is a forgery ? Let me see 't.

[LAFITTE *hands him the letter.*]

[*Reads.*] “ The Hornet, sloop of war,—dispatched at once
 By Jackson, to attack this fort.”—Lafitte,
 The Hornet is not stationed at Balize,—
 'Tis Vera Cruz,—this surely must be forged.

LAF. No, Clifton, no ; if this were so, the seal
Would certainly betray the forgery ;
But see, the very stamp, the secret mark ;
It cannot be, and I must hence at once.
Go summon Bradford here, and Bostwick too ;
I'll give my orders and depart. Be quick.

[*Exit* CLIFTON.]

[*Solus.*] Well ! 'tis a little strange, that at *this* time,
At war with England, all her force engaged,
And even more required, that she should send
A sloop of war with seven hundred troops,
To attack my forts, and drive me from the sea.
But war produces tumult and confusion,
And measures taken then are often weak ;
To-morrow, then, I leave. These prisoners
I will entrust to faithful Clifton's care
Till my return ; then I can take such steps
As guilt deserves, or my revenge demands.

Enter CLIFTON, *with* BRADFORD *and* BOSTWICK.

Comrades, I leave to-morrow for the post
At Barataria, which is besieged.
When danger's o'er I shall in haste return ;
Until that time, Clifton, to thee I give
The full command of forts, and ships, and men ;
Bradford, thy ship requires thy watchful eye,
For mutiny I fear is now at work.
Bostwick, the battery at the Point is thine ;
It needs repair, as danger hourly threatens.
And now, good night ! Let each his duty do,

And we can then defy the Union's power
To take our castles or to sink our ships.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE 5.—*Room in fort.* Enter BRADFORD and CLIFTON.

BRAD. How proud a feeling independence is !
The soul exults ; who would not be supreme ?
Our *master's* absence leaves *us* masters now.

CLIF. Would we could wield his power with half his skill.

BRAD. Why, Clifton, think you not we can ? Methinks
Had I been first in rank for weeks now past,
More spoil than we can boast would now enrich us.

CLIF. What would have been your course ?

BRAD. As opposite
To that Lafitte pursued as strength to weakness !
I should have left the harbor, punished treason,
Laid under contribution all the coast
From hence to Florida——

CLIF. [*Interrupting.*] And had the ships
Of France, and England, and America,
Your forts bombarding, your men destroying,
And sinking every ship that bore your flag !

BRAD. I tell thee, Clifton, that our prudent chief
Pays too much deference to the Union's flag,
And is too merciful to citizens
Of what he calls the "*second Rome* !"
Why should he wrap in flames and stain with blood
The shores of Mexico, from Yucatan

Even to the very spot we stand upon,
And yet refuse to harm one peasant's hut,
Or spill one drop of blood beyond Sabine ?
He feigns to spare that soil because 'tis *free* !
He'll spill a Frenchman's blood as soon as I,
And yet will never draw his sword to stab
The man who claims to be *American*.
Were *I* your chief no nation should be free
From the keen edge of my impartial sword ;
All should receive alike my smiles or frowns,
And our few hundreds then would millions be.
Do not these long delays disgust you, Clifton ?
Why should we idly lie and rot in port ?
Let some worthy leader be our chief :
Yourself, my friend, or even I, would scorn
To recommend the weak and childish course
Lafitte has days and weeks now past pursued.
This woman's tears have swept his courage off,
As mountain torrents bear e'en rocks away,
And like the famed sea-eel's electric shock,
Her words have palsied his heroic arm.
Let us determine, then, to be no more
The slave of his or of his prisoner's whims,
But conscious of our strength, resolve to act
As brave men should

[BRADFORD *approaches and offers gold.*

Behold, this gold, my friend !

'Tis thine, and half of all our captured spoil,
If when my ship attempts to pass the fort,

No shot is fired by thee to stop her course.

CLIF. [*Taking the gold.*] Is all this treasure mine for
such poor service ?

Go, Bradford, go, whene'er thou wilt ; no shot
Fired from my fort shall stop thy vessel's way.

BRAD. To-morrow, then, at dawn, I leave the bay.]

CLIF. No, not to-morrow, Bradford ; I'll consult
With all my men, and bribe them to our cause ;
Give me three days, and all will then be well.

BRAD. Thy wish is granted, Clifton ; 'twas well thought ;
Farewell.

CLIF. Farewell.

BRAD. But stay a moment more ;
I would restore Louise to liberty.

CLIF. She is no more the pris'ner of Lafitte.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 6. LOUISE'S *prison.* *Enter* BRADFORD.

BRAD. Ah ! poor Louise ; why do you weep, my wife ?

LOU. Oh, Bradford, I have been engaged in thought
About this poor dear lady's misery ;
All alone, with none to cheer and comfort her.
When will Lafitte destroy her life ?

BRAD. Never !

This morn he went to Barataria,
And in his absence leaves me sole commander.
I have observed this poor girl's bitter grief,
And am resolved to set her free.

LOU. How kind!

BRAD. And you, Louise, shall have your freedom too.

LOU. It has been long since you so kindly spoke.

BRAD. Because, my wife, these hell-hounds drive me mad ;
Yes, you and this fair girl shall both be free.
But then, old Clifton, governor of the fort,
Is the most willing tool of all the slaves
Who come and go at Lafitte's tyrant bidding.
We must avoid his eye ; three days hence
Meet me at noon, within yon muskeet grove ;
Bring with thee there this weeping friend of thine ;
A boat shall be in waiting to conduct
Herself and thee in triumph to my ship.
But tell her not that Bradford is the friend
Who has resolved to rescue her from death.
Inform her 'tis a stranger sent by Carl.
And now, Louise, let's leave this dungeon's gloom,
Which proud Lafitte had chosen for thy tomb !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 7.—CARL'S *dungeon*. CARL *in chains*.

CARL. [*Solus.*] Condemned to die, and so ignobly too !
Ah ! this the fate of all who yield in youth
To vice's first assault ; what I am now
Let those beware whose passions rule supreme.
How well can I remember now the hour,
The fatal hour which steep'd my soul in sin !
Custom the tyrant's tyrant, despot king
Of the world's masters, at thy iron shrine

I knelt among thy basest worshippers !
I yielded to thy sway whilst conscience stung ;
I bowed before thee, whilst my country's laws,
Her dearest interests and her mild religion,
All cried aloud, and bade me spurn thy pow'r.
Deluded fool ! I feared a coward's name,
And proved my courage by a dastard's boast.
The hero's heart will shudder at the act
Which virtue frowns upon ; whilst with her smile
'Twould dare the deed, and laugh the risk to scorn !
My fellows urged me on ; the public voice
Spoke in my ears, in harsh and thund'ring tones,
Stunning my conscience, deaf'ning reason's ears,
And holding up compliance or disgrace.
I yielded, and the fatal bullet flew !
The laws attacked me, and I left my home ;
Self-banished from my native land, I sought
On freedom's soil to build anew my fame.
Shame drove me on, whilst poverty pursued,
And where she grins and shows her bony visage
Guilt cannot be far ; 'tis Heaven's decree !
'Twas when Despair sat gnawing at my heart,
And Hunger tore my vitals with his fangs,
That fair Temptation, perched on Pleasure's steed,
Smiling in plenty and enrobed in state,
Passed by, and beckoned me to join her train.
These chains the fruit I reaped ; these pangs the joys !
Oh ! that the youth in life's gay dawning years
Could see the world as it in age appears ;

How many virtues would experience teach,
How many vices place beyond his reach !
Passions like ocean billows would subside,
And every dark temptation be defied !

Enter CLIFTON.

Well, Clifton, I am now prepared to die ;
I ask one favor ; bear my dying words——

CLIF. I come not, Carl, to drag thee forth to death,
But offer thee thy liberty and life.

CARL. How, Clifton ! Oh delude me not with hope
But kindled to be quenched in deeper gloom.

CLIF. Nay, Carl, thy life and liberty are thine
On one condition——

CARL. Name it then, and if——

CLIF. Lafitte this morning left, and weeks must pass
Before he can again return. Bradford
Is now commander of your ship, and I
The master of this fort. By bribes and threats
Bradford has gained the ship's crew to his cause,
And three days hence will sail upon a cruise.
Feigning to join him in his traitor acts,
I've promised to allow him to proceed.
My men are tampered with, none dare I trust ;
Then hasten thou to overtake Lafitte ;
Tell him that treason's wiles allured him hence,
And bid him hasten back with all despatch ;
I will prepare the fort for an attack,
And only when demolished shall it yield.
Fly then this hour, yet may'st thou save thy life,

Obtain thy pardon from Lafitte, and——

CARL.

Snatch

My pris'ner from fierce Bradford's pow'r.

I'll haste, I'll fly, ere such a dreadful doom

Shall crush her soul, whose misery I produced.

CLIF. [*Releasing him.*] Leave, then, this instant. Go, the
pinnacle lies

With muffled oars, to bear thee from the bay,

Close at the island's point. The gulf is calm,

And thou canst safely venture o'er the bar ;

Lafitte cannot be far—he sailed this morn,

And calm and sunshine have delayed his voyage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 8.—*The Muskeet Grove.* [*Three days having intervened since the last scene.*] Enter THEODOSIA and LOUISE.

LOU. This is the spot ; we wait his coming here.

THEO. A stranger did'st thou say, and sent by Carl ?

LOU. Ay, lady, sent by Carl, your truest friend.

THEO. Louise, I am so feeble grown of late,

That every change produces dire alarm.

I almost fear to meet this stranger friend.

Something within is whispering to my heart

Of horrid dangers and impending storms.

'Twas thus when my poor boy was taken ill,

And thus when I departed from my home ;

How often have I fancied God employs

Ministers of good, to counsel, and to warn,

Or like a cloud which darkens earth and heav'n,

Presaging that a tempest is at hand,
 He shrouds our minds with preternatural gloom,
 And glimmers forth futurity's black storms !

[*A gun is heard.*

What may this mean, Louise ? [*another gun.*] 'Tis at the fort !

[*Alarm increases.*

LOU. Yes, lady ! see the fort's on fire ! ah no,
 'Tis firing on the ship Bradford commands !
 And see, the ship returns each hostile shot.

[*The battle continues to increase.*

THEO. Where, Louise, where shall we conceal ourselves ?
 [*They retire to the foot of the stage. A pause of several minutes.*

LOU. The fort is silenced, every gun is dumb,
 And hark, I hear the sweeping rowers splash !
 Behold they land, again the battle rages ;
 'Tis Bradford's self who heads the bold attack.
 [*Noise of battle renewed ; after raging for a few moments all
 again becomes quiet, and BRADFORD enters covered with
 blood and dust.*]

BRAD. Fly, lady ! haste, Louise ! away ! away !

[*Approaches THEODOSIA.*

Fly ! fly ! [*Cries of LAFITTE ! LAFITTE !*] A moment lost,
 and hope is gone !

Hear you that cry, the pirate chieftain comes !

[*Offers to take hold of THEODOSIA.*

THEO. Go with thee, wretch ! no, never, I'll die at once !

[*Cries of LAFITTE ! LAFITTE ! more distinctly.*

BRAD. Lafitte approaches ; fly ere 'tis too late.

[*Seizes THEODOSIA.*

THEO. Touch me not! help! help! away, vile wretch, away!

[*Cries of LAFITTE! LAFITTE! close at hand.*

BRAD. [*Pulling THEODOSIA along.*] Thou art my pris'ner,
and thou shalt go hence;

This instant shalt thou go. Come on! come on!

[BRADFORD attempts to force her off, and in the struggle THEODOSIA, seeing her dagger in his belt, snatches it away, and tearing herself from him, exclaims

THEO. Oh God! grant pardon for my many sins!

Father, behold thy Theodosia die! [*Stabs herself.*

Have mercy, Heav'n, upon my blood-stained soul!

[BRADFORD rushes out, and LAFITTE, CARL, and a number of
Pirates enter.]

LAF. Louise, what villain's hand hath struck this blow?

CARL. What monster dared to touch her angel-form?

LOU. Bradford—— [*CARL rushes out.*

LAF. Bradford said'st thou?

LOU. He would have saved

And given her both liberty and life.

LAF. 'Tis false! that traitor's hand would strangle saints!

Revenge! revenge! her death shall be avenged.

[*As LAFITTE is about leaving, enter a Herald bearing a white flag,
with officers of the U. S. Army.*]

LAF. [*Draws his sword.*] Who art thou? what thy mission?
speak.

[*They observe THEODOSIA and stand aghast.*

HER. What demon dared to slay so fair a being?

LAF. [*Hurriedly.*] The villain has escaped. Your mission?
speak.

[*Enter CARL and CLIFTON, with BRADFORD and BOSTWICK bound as prisoners.*]

Slave ! [To BRADFORD.] how dared you spill her blood ?

BRAD.

I did not !

'Tis false ! Go ask Louise who struck the blow.

LOU. She stabbed herself, Lafitte ; I saw her strike.

LAF. 'Twas to escape thy foul polluting arms,
Base villain, traitor, demon, thou shalt die.

HER. Lafitte, for such it seems thy dreaded name,
I bring to thee, the most momentous news ;
Receive these papers [*offers letters*], and return replies
As soon as their important terms demand.

[*After opening and reading the documents.*]

LAF. [To his men.] From Gen'ral Andrew Jackson come
these lines,

Chief of the southern army of the States.
A proclamation, too, is sent,
Which offers me and all my men full grace
And pardon for our past misdeeds and crimes
Against the property and lives of all
Who claim protection from the Union's laws ;
Conditioned thus, that we shall all enlist
Beneath the banner of America,
And serve as soldiers, loyal, brave and true,
Against the power and pride of England's king,
Whilst he shall wage the present bloody war.
Comrades, shall we accept the terms ?

PIRATES. [*All.*]

We will.

LAF. [To *Herald*,] Go, then, and tell your General that
we come ;

We come as soldiers dangers cannot daunt,
Defeat discourage, and no hardships move.
We come as men determined to redeem
Our blemished names from infamous renown !
We come, too, as the friends of Liberty,
The worshippers of Freedom's star-gemm'd flag,
Resolved to see it triumph, or to fall
With its broad folds still waving o'er our bones ;
Comrades, Lafitte's *first* lawless act of blood
Was prompted by a woman's faithless love ;
His last shall be a holy, just revenge,
Atoning for the blood of her who fell ;
The fairest, first and noblest of her sex,
The proud defender of her spotless fame,
Preferring death to infamy and shame.

Drag him to death ! [*Pointing to* BRADFORD.

For ever leave my sight ! [*To* BOSTWICK.

[*Offering* CARL *his sword.*] Lafitte thy sword again restores to
thee,

'Twill not be shamed if drawn for Liberty ;
For Heaven will smile upon the glitt'ring steel
Which strikes for Freedom and a nation's weal !

FINIS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

RELATING CHIEFLY TO

SCENES IN TEXAS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ODE

TO THE TEXAN FLAG.

I.

THE tyrant and his minions
Beheld the lone star rise,
Like an eagle on his pinions,
And climb the lurid skies.
Its rays spread consternation
Among his ruffian band
And the dread illumination
Soon blazed throughout the land !
Far o'er the bright waters the stranger was seen,
Its rays diffused gladness, its light was serene ;
And thousands marched onward that orb to adore,
For 't smiled on fair Texas, where night frown'd before !

II.

In vain he sought to drench it
By the pelting storms of war ;
No seas of blood could quench it—
Still it dazzled from afar !
No battle-cloud could sheathe it

From the land it shone upon ;
 The thunder rolled beneath it,
 And the glorious star burn'd on !
 Like the pillar that guided God's people of old,
 It led safe through the Red Sea of war to the fold ;
 'Mid the dangers of battle, our heroes it cheer'd,
 And shot from its sphere when our banner was rear'd.

III.

From that banner still 'tis beaming
 In triumph, as of yore ;
 This day behold it gleaming
 Upon our tranquil shore ;
 Though its fiery tints are faded,*
 Yet its splendors still increase ;
 Though 'tis mellow'd, 'tis not *shaded* ;
 Hail, harbinger of peace !
 Oh ! long may'st thou shine on my country as now,
 With no flame in thy aspect, no blood on thy brow,
 But should the black tempest of war e'er return,
 Then, then, may thy red fires in gory hues burn !

 O D E ,

DELIVERED FOURTH JULY, IN THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

AWAKE ! sons of Texas ! Oh, welcome the morn
 That ushered in Liberty—hail to its dawn ;

* Written during the late truce between Mexico and Texas.

The shadows of tyranny have faded away,
And the bright sun of Freedom illumines the day !
 Across the bosom of the boundless sea
 Come songs of triumph, shouts of revelry,
 And loud huzzas, whose echoes pierce the sky,
 Roar with the waves, and on the tempests fly ;
 Ten thousand thunders, with terrific sound
 Shake ocean's depths and rock the solid ground !
 While round the world, a starry pennon fair,
 Sweeps tainted slavery from the poisoned air.

 Why, Texans, do the cannons roar ?
 Why shouts invade our peaceful shore ?
 Why eagles through our heavens soar
 And swell the joyful sound ?

This day your fathers dared to brave
 The vengeance of a kingly knave,
 And kneel no more his vassel slave !
 This day they swore to die, or save
 The land Columbus found.

Then hail to the dawn that gave Liberty birth,
The brightest and fairest, e'er shone upon earth ;
For the chains of the slave were dissolved by its gleams,
And the tyrant saw ruin emblazed on its beams.

 Columbia, on thy mountains and thy plains,
 Thy sons commemorate in joyful strains
 This day, the actions of thy heroes brave,
 And deck anew thy warriors' glorious grave !
 Oh Texans, weave a garland for your own,

Your founder father, living Washington !
Around his brow bind vernal wreaths of fame,
And learn to love, revere, and bless his name.

Oh ! ever welcome be the day
When tyrants lose their bloody sway,
And Freedom lights with glittering ray
Her death-dispelling sun.

Long, Texas, may its flame burn on !
Long gild the tomb of Washington !
Long fire the breast of Great Houston !
And shine in smiling beams upon
The land his valor won.

A D D R E S S ,

DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF THE GALVESTON THEATRE,
MAY 17TH, 1845, BY MRS. HART.

YE who beheld some summer suns erewhile,
The gloom that reigned upon this lovely isle ;
Who saw the wild deer bound across the plain,
Or watched the sea-bird skim the lovely main ;
Who heard no sound disturb this dreary shore
Save the mad breakers' wild tumultuous roar,
Oh, tell me now, if gladness or surprise
Most swells your heart, or sparkles in your eyes ?

Behold this city as by magic rear'd,
Its Commerce courted, and its Power fear'd,

With Arts to honor, Opulence to bless,
The seat of Learning, Peace, and Happiness ;
Within its walls the exile may find rest ;
Its gates are wide to welcome the oppressed ;
No bonds here fetter, and no shackles bind—
The proudest, noblest refuge of mankind.
Thus ere old Rome beheld her power obeyed,
Or saw her legions earth's far shores invade ;
Ere yet the pinions of her eagle shone
And waved triumphantly in every zone,
She called around her every spurn'd exile,
And bade him live and prosper in her smile ;
Till grateful hearts her trophied flag unfurl'd,
And triumph crowned her "mistress of the world !"
Sweet Isle, such yet may be *thy* varied fate ;
Already time has wrought a change as great.
E'en here, where now this city rears its spires,
The savage Indian built his council-fires,
Tore the fresh scalp, all reeking from the brain,
And ate the mangled body of the slain.

Here, too, the heartless robber of the deep,
Whose butchered victims nightly haunt his sleep ;
Whose crimson hands ne'er struck in mercy's aid,
But in all bosoms plunged the fatal blade ;
The pirate here to hide his booty fled,
To curse the living and forget the dead.

If such have been the changes of thy fate,
What power decrees "thou never shalt be great ?"

Already kingdom's court thy friendly smile,
And Europe gazes on this little isle.

Methinks I see a glorious doom unfold
To greet thee, in the future yet untold ;
I see thy armies rush in thousands by,
I hear their songs of triumph pierce the sky ;
I see thy navies crowd the vassal deep,
And view their banners o'er its bosom sweep,
I hear their dread and deep-mouth'd cannon roll,
And rock the world "from Indus to the pole !"
And what is nobler, and more glorious far,
Than all the pomp and pageantry of war,
I see thy sons the princes of mankind,
In every science that exalts the mind ;
Thy poet's hands shall strike old Homer's lyre,
Thy forum blaze with Ciceronian fire ;
Thy statesmen act with Aristides' skill,
And Plato's words thy sages' deeds fulfil !
Here, too, shall Thespis plead in virtue's cause,
Attack those vices undenounced by laws ;
Brand crime with death or deep corroding care ;
Instruct the virtuous never to despair,
Teach man Religion can life's ills assuage,
Smooth down the pillow of declining age,
Pursue ambition up the steep of fame,
And show mankind the *folly of a name* !

'Twas virtue bade these modest walls arise,
Despite the fool's and mad fanatic's cries ;

'Tis she whose voice now echoes "persevere,"
And softly whispers "thy reward is near ;"
For in this very spot so rudely plain,
Where these dull scenes excite the fop's disdain ;
And now my weak, unskilful voice resounds,
And the sharp censure of the critic wounds ;
Here, shall a grand and nobler structure rise,
Whose glittering dome shall pierce the low'ring skies ;
Above whose spires your flag shall wave unfurl'd,
The Coliseum of the modern world !
Here shall some future Roscius plead the cause,
Of justice spurned and violated laws.
Fill the foul heart with strange and guilty fears,
And melt the assassin into mercy's tears.

Such, such, sweet isle, thy destiny shall be,
If always liberal, virtuous and free ;
If first to cherish and encourage worth,
Thy shore shall be the asylum of the earth ;
If merit here shall never pine unknown,
Thy fame shall spread from distant zone to zone,
And future ages shall bestow applause,
On all who aid in virtue's holy cause.

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. COOK, UPON LEAVING THE STAGE.

As the poor sailor exiled on the shore,
To brave the sea and climb the waves no more,
Too weak to dare the ocean in its rage,

Shattered by storms, and hoary grown with age;
Creeps from his couch to gaze upon the main,
And looks on that he ne'er must tread again;
His heart, which never quailed at foes or fears,
Melts in his breast, and drowns his soul in tears.
Like him, I take my last, my latest gaze,
On scenes too dearly loved to mock with praise;
Like him, I long to launch my bark again,
And court the zephyrs of the glorious main;
Like him, I sigh to leave *my* cherished deep,
And Oh! forgive me, if, like him, I weep.

Sweet Thalia, in thy glad and laughing throng,
Once I career'd exultingly along;
I gave to thee a votary's best prized art,
The willing homage of a grateful heart!
And thou, too, smiling, mazy Terpsichore,
In whose bright train I ne'er shall mingle more,
Who all the art I boast in pity gave,
And at whose shrine I knelt a bond-proud slave.
And *you*, companions of my by-gone days,
Whose friendship still I prize, whose talents praise;
Amid whose close-cemented loving band,
The child of woe e'er finds a pitying hand;
Who honor merit and who cherish worth,
And strive to banish vice from this fair earth;
And *you*, my friends, who greet with your applause,
And join the virtuous actor's holy cause,
Ye who have been to Thespis ever true,
Farewell! farewell! I bid ye all adieu!

Ah ! could this erring, but this faithful heart,
Long years ago have known what 'tis to *part* ;
Have felt the pangs of grief's malignant pow'r,
It had been spared the anguish of this hour.

As the lone exile driven from his home,
Condemned throughout a hostile world to roam,
Casts from the bark which bears him o'er the wave,
One look upon that soil he fought to save,
And as it sinks behind the rolling main,
Still strains his eye to view its shores again ;
So do I gaze, and by a kindred spell,
Still turn to gaze, and sigh, farewell ! farewell !

ANNUAL ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIER OF THE GALVESTON CIVILIAN, TO THE
PATRONS OF THAT PAPER. JAN. 1, 1845.

HARK ! the low requiem steals upon the gloom
That awful midnight flings upon the world,
Wailing another year has met its doom
And with the past is in oblivion hurl'd.

Oh, time ! all changeless, yet still changing all ;
What arm terrestrial can thy progress stay ?
The mightiest monarch trembles at thy call,
The proudest empire owns thy potent sway.

Year after year sinks conquered at thy feet ;
Ten thousand generations hast thou slain
The " rock-ribbed hills " their heads bow in defeat,
And ocean shrinks and yields the rescued plain.

Remorseless Time ! Oh, backward cast thy glance,
And muse one moment on thy dread career ;
Behold around thee in one broad expanse,
What crumbling ruins, and what wrecks appear !

The broken column and the fallen dome
Announce that here a nation sat in state ;
But where the millions, who then called her home ?
Where now her king, the conquered world hail'd *great* ?

Read in these mouldering ruins all her pride !
Hear in the hooting owl's dim boding tone,
All that can tell us how those millions died,
All that now echoes from that monarch's throne.

Still, still insatiate, onward is thy course,
Eternal rolls thy chariot's mangling wheel ;
Of pain, disaster, death, the exhaustless source ;
No earthly balm thy poisoned wounds can heal.

Thy withering breath blights beauty in its bloom,
Disease is shaken from thy raven wing ;
Thy scythe unsparing hurries to the tomb
Power, genius, youth, the beggar and the king.

Late* didst thou frown upon our youthful land,
And steal in pestilence our sons away ;
Oh ! give us back that glorious, gifted band,
Thy smiles for ages never can repay !

Our judges sleep untimely in the grave,
A nation's tears her Senate's pride deplore ;
Heroic arms could not thy vengeance brave,
Nor spotless justice shield thy victims more.

Stern, unrelenting Time ! is this the prize
They strove so hard, so well, so long to gain ?
Through life's rough way did they each joy despise,
To find the *grave* all they could then attain ?

Could ceaseless toil no nobler boon achieve ?
Could youthful blood no greener laurel rear ?
Were they but born to bid their country grieve,
To die and leave no proud memorial here ?

As long as the ocean wave beats on our shore,
And freedom a home here shall find,
So long will our country her heroes deplore,
So long shall their fame be enshrined.

Oh ! let us turn from this sad mournful theme
(Since tears cannot our country's loss redeem),
And hail with exultation and delight,

* Reference is here made to the yellow fever, which prevailed to an alarming extent in the summer of 1844, in the course of which Judges Morris and Jack (Senator Jack), and Captain Lothrop died.

Her rapid progress in her heav'nward flight.
Behold her now triumphant o'er her foe,
All dangers leaving far beneath, below ;
High, high in air, she plumes her thoughtful wing,
Pois'd on her doubtful pinion ; or to cling
Around the home which gave her heroes birth,
Noble in strength but fettered to the earth ;
Or proudly *independent*, soar away,
To light the world with her endazzling ray !
The gloomy clouds that lately dimmed her way,
Rush from the skies, and fade to glorious day.
Her sons immured deep in the dungeon's gloom,
From whence there seemed no rescue save the tomb.
Escaped from long and ignominious toil
Now press with patriot pride, her grateful soil.
Her foes discordant, bleed in cruel strife,*
Each armed against a friend's or parent's life ;
The brother stabs the brother to the heart,
The son's young breast receives the father's dart,
Whilst he who hurl'd destruction 'gainst our home,*
Is toss'd amid the battle's stormy foam.
Friends gather round the pennon we have rear'd,
Now sheltering thousands, and by them revered ;
Who swear its folds shall flutter in the breeze,
Victor on land, triumphant o'er the seas,
'Till tyrants tremble when it waves unfurl'd,
To sweep their bonds and thralldom from the world !
The Gaul beheld its dazzling splendors gleam,

* Referring to the late revolution in Mexico, which displaced Santa Anna.

And hailed its lustre as a kindred beam ;
The Briton saw its starry glories shine,
And bade it welcome o'er the ocean brine ;
Its heav'n-born radiance met the German's gaze,
O'er-peopled Holland blessed its distant blaze ;
Proud Spain alone of all who saw it rise,
Proclaim'd its flash *a meteor of the skies !*
That land whose sons have battled in our cause,
Fam'd for her arts, her heroes, and her laws,
That land, whose loved, and pure, and holy loam,
We still rejoice to hail our *native* home !
That land, like ours, once trampled and oppressed,
Invites our own to slumber on her breast !
Behold her empire grasping every clime,
Shielded by oceans, boundless and sublime ;
Behold her rivers, lakes and mountain chains,
Her far-spread prairies and salubrious plains ;
Her towns and cities peopling every vale,
Her commerce wafted on by every gale,
Through every ocean see her navies sweep,
And roll their thunders o'er the trembling deep !
Whate'er in war can succor or befriend,
Arms to attack, or bulwarks to defend ;
Whate'er in peace a nation can refine,
All, great and blest Columbia, all are thine !
Who would not then this country call his own,
The theme, the boast, the pride of every zone ?
Who would not glory in her pomp and power,
And hail exultingly that joyful hour,

In which our star shall blend its glittering rays,
 With those that in *her* Constitution blaze? *Constellation*

Oh! bid her eagle on his pinion rise,
 And bear aloft our banner to the skies,
 That midst the stars which gem her flag may shine
 Another spark as brilliant and divine!

THE TROUT.*

A FABLE.

THE sea, one day, was calm and bright,
 Refulgent with the morning light;
 A thousand dolphins danced along,
 A happy, thoughtless, brilliant throng;
 The lazy porpoise idly roll'd,
 And aimless through the ocean stroll'd;
 With lightning-speed the sword-fish flew,
 The shark before him cleft the blue;
 The serpent basked upon the deep,
 The tortoise reel'd in senseless sleep;
 The whale in grandeur rose on high,—
 And vainly strove to storm the sky.
 The world amid the waters free,

* I am informed by a judicious friend, that somebody else has written a fable on this subject, but as I have been unable to see it, I am induced to believe that he is mistaken.

Seemed blessed with happiness and glee ;
And all except the murmuring trout,
Most gaily glanced and whirled about ;
He thus besought Almighty Jove :
“ From thy high throne in heav’n above,
Look down with pity, sire, I pray,
And grant thy creature’s prayer, this day.
Why did’st thou me a *Trout* create ?
Oh, why was not some nobler state,
Some brighter form to me ordained ?
I had not then to thee complained.
Alas ! where’er I wish to roam,
Amid my native wat’ry home,
A thousand dangers round me close,
And every wave is dark with foes.
The shark behind me swift pursues,
I dare not fly lest life I lose
By rushing headlong in the net,
By hungry, cruel mortals set !
Grant, Oh ! Great Jove, thy creature’s pray’r,
That I may swim both sea and air !”
Scarce had the murmuring trout thus prayed
Ere he a flying fish was made,
And swifter than the falcon flies,
He skims the seas, and scales the skies !
Now deep within the rolling main,
Now high as heaven’s clouds again
He soars above the storm’s career,
Or dives beneath the central sphere ;

But still grim death in fearful hue,
Around him saddens every view ;
Within the ocean, tribe on tribe
Pursue, and instant death proscribe ;
He now beholds with terror wild
The dolphin's gaze, before so mild ;
The porpoise is no more a friend,
Nor will the sword-fish now defend ;
The whale, the serpent, shad and sole,
Chase him from farthest pole to pole ;
And e'en his former self, the trout,
Joins in the race and drives the rout.
Affrighted from his briny home,
He seeks through fields of air to roam ;
But ah ! an eagle, swifter far
Than lightning's flash or blazing star,
Gains on his flight ; as whirlwind's roar
He hears the flapping wings close o'er,
Down, down he dives into the main,
Ten thousand foes attack again ;
He tries the buoyant air once more,
The hawk and eagle round him soar ;
Again to Jove for aid he flies,
But lo ! the eagle grasps his prize.

MORAL.

Let discontent here read its fate
For man oft learns it when too late.

THE AMBITIOUS ASS.

A FABLE.

IN olden times, our fathers state,
That beasts and birds could think and prate ;
Not hiss as angry serpents do,
Nor only like young kittens mew ;
But in a tongue all understood,
Thought what they pleased, said what they would !
They had their judges, doctors, kings,
Their cock-pits, alleys, fighting-rings ;
In short, whatever man enjoys,
His state improves or time employs ;
His passions, feelings, body, soul,
And often like him lost the whole.
They loved their children, I will prove,
With real undissembled love,
Yet oft like men, they misapplied
Their offspring's talents, urged by pride.

Miss Jenny had not married long
(Jack was her husband, bold and strong),
Before, somehow it came to pass,
She gave birth to a darling ass,
Who soon became in ~~every~~ *every* *body's* spite
The universal favorite ;
The whole world echoed with his praise

And laughed long at his youthful *brays* ;*
Congratulated Senior Jack,
Nor showed to Madam Jenny lack.
Old Jack was pleased with Jacky's looks,
And Jenny read to him good books ;
His father's pride and mother's pet,
Jacky soon learned his alphabet,
Could ramble all the country o'er,
And eat a pie at every door.
Jacky soon grew to be a man,
And old Jack then commenced to scan
The roll of sciences and arts,
To find what suited Jacky's parts.
First he proposed to make him king,
Then poet, prince, or some such thing,
Again he'd make him judge or pope,
And then a statesman ; such is hope !

(I would not have it understood
That *I* believe a Jackass could
By possibility ever be,
Aught but the beast we daily see ;
But then, it often comes to pass
That great men bray quite like an ass.)

Determined Jack should be a star,
And shine alike in peace or war,

* N.B. "Brays" here put for wit ; most modern wit resembles the ancient in this particular.

A *Lion* he shall be, he said ;
Alas, Jack had too small a head.
At length, infatuated fool,
Perverse and blind to every rule
And law of nature, he declared
An eagle Jack should be ; and dared
This dread decree of heav'n defy,
God never made an ass to fly !

Soon Jacky 's decked in feathers fair,
With long light wings to cleave the air ;
His tail is clipped, alas ! alas !
His ears too ! Jack's no more an ass.

Upon yon lofty mountain's brow,
Behold the city gathered now,
And with anxiety all rife,
To witness his debüt in life.
Some hoot, some laugh, none dare say nay
(Old Jack can kick as well as bray).
The monkey who had made his son
A math'matician thus begun :

" Ah, me ! how prone are parents' hearts
To misapply their children's parts,"
" Cease," cried the boar, " your son's as bad,
He has no talents for his trade."
" And pray, has yours ?" the ape replied,
" A hog's a pretty priest !" he cried.

Behold, Jack gains the mountain's top,
His rainbow wings begin to flop ;

A crown of laurel decks his head,
 The mountain groans beneath his tread ;
 Bright banners wave, and streamers gay
 Float o'er the gulf and lead the way.
 Jack springs, his pinions cleave the air,
 But down he's hurl'd in black despair ;
 He shrieks with terror and alarm.
 Alas, no mortal's feeble arm,
 Nor parent's cries, nor friend's distress,
 Can call him from the deep abyss !

Poor Jack, he met a dreadful fate,
 Ten thousand children meet as great.

MORAL.

How often will a parent's pride
 His offspring's faults and frailties hide ;
 How often does his fondness doom
 His children to an early tomb !

 L I N E S ,

WRITTEN ON HEARING THAT SANTA ANNA, THE BUTCHER
 OF FANNIN, TRAVIS, AND CROCKETT, HAD BEEN
 TAKEN PRISONER BY PAREDES.

HANG chains on the traitor, in dungeons confine him,
 Let the glad light of heav'n ne'er flash on his brow ;
 To that doom which awaited our heroes consign him,
 And the death which *they* suffered, inflict on *him* now.

Let him rot in Perote's damp cells of infection !

Let him labor in bondage a manacled slave ;
Or his own fate recal to his dim recollection,
The scene around Fannin's and Cameron's* grave.

And Oh ! ere he dies let his conscience upbraid him,
For crimes which have deluged his country in gore ;
Let him know that his minions have left and betrayed him,
And that freedom now dawns on her long enslaved shore.

Let the spirits of those whom he butchered pursue him,
Let the walls of his dungeon re-echo their cries,
'Till remorse with its terrors shall strike and subdue him,
And then let him die as the murderer dies.

May the last sound he hears when his life is fast waning,
And he bends to the earth an impenitent knee,
Proclaim to the world, all his power disdaining,
A tyrant is fallen, and Mexico free !

* Cameron was one of the Mier prisoners ; he was taken out and shot without even alleging a cause ; he was a brave and meritorious officer, and died a hero's death.

A SHORT POEM,

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS.

“Republics are always ungrateful.”—*Old Proverb.*

“I am accused of disobedience of orders, contumacy, mutiny, treason, piracy and murder, in return for sacrificing an honorable and lucrative position in the U. S. Navy, which I had attained after nearly fifteen years’ service; for expending the whole of my substance in the cause of an impoverished country; for raising heavy loans and contributions from my individual friends for the same purpose; for inducing faithful and efficient officers to serve for years in poverty and distress, without pay, and for weary days and sleepless nights spent in planning and executing manœuvres against the enemies of my country.”—*Commodore Moore’s Defence.*

HARK ! hark to the thunders that boom o’er the deep,
And shake the broad plains of the sea ;
Lo the war-lightning flashes, and battle-cries sweep
On the ocean wind wildly and free.

Loud, loud is the strife, yet more dreadful it grows,
And brighter the cannon’s flames glare,
And nearer in conflict the proud navies close,
And more lurid with smoke frowns the air.

And now, o’er the battle’s wild tumult arise,
The shrieks of the death-stricken brave,
The patriot’s last pray’r with his soul mounts the skies
And invokes God, his country to save.

Down swoons to the deck, all encrimsoned with gore,
Brave Wilbur, a lion in fight,
And a *child*, too, is pierced, blood streams from each pore ;
Heav’n shrinks from the sad, sick’ning sight.

Poor boy, though thy young days have ended on earth,
 Though thy grave is deep, deep in the sea,
Yet Bryant* will hallow thy name and thy worth,
 And thy deeds in defence of the free.

Then sleep on in peace with the heroes who fell,
 Our homes and our lives to defend ;
They went forth to battle and welcomed their knell,
 But heard victory's tones with it blend.

Yes, far o'er the waters the loud pœans roll'd,
 As the foe fled in fear and dismay,
And the blue sky resounded when proudly 'twas told
 That their banner was sunk in the spray.

And shall we ungratefully spurn from our side,
 That soldier who led to the field ?
Who, when dark danger threatened, all peril defied,
 And offered his breast for our shield.

Shame, shame on the minion, vile, heartless and base,
 Who uplifts not his voice to applaud
That warrior's deeds, who dares boldly to face
 The foes of his country unawed.

And shame on the coward who dastardly sneers
 At the hero *when danger is o'er*,
And forgets when no longer a *slave* to his fears,
 The arm which he clung to before.

* Midshipman Bryant was severely wounded whilst fighting very heroically ;
he was only about thirteen years old.

Ingratitude carries a curse on its brow,
And the heart that can cherish its spell,
Will rot in dishonor, though thousands may bow,
And its praises exultingly swell.

Weep, patriots, weep, for *this* crime in our land
Is black as the storm-cloud on high ;
And will burst like its thunders, at heaven's command ;
Oh, weep, for the tempest is nigh.

But, MOORE, there are hearts in our country still true,
There are bosoms unsullied and pure,
And long will they throb yet more grateful to you,
Whilst freedom and life shall endure.

L I N E S ,

IN MEMORY OF MIDSHIPMAN BRYANT, REFERRED TO IN THE
PRECEDING POEM, WHO WAS LOST AT SEA IN
THE SCHOONER GALVESTON.

WHEN the hero of a hundred fields
Is stricken to the plain,
And dies amid the expiring groans
Of thousands he has slain,
If o'er his head that banner wave,
He battled to uphold,
And triumph greets the band he led,
Where war's loud thunders roll'd,

A nation's requiem wail is heard,
To mourn the warrior's doom,
And every patriot's eye is wet
To yield him to the tomb.

And, Bryant, shall no heart-felt sigh
Nor friendly tear be thine,
Because thy death-bed was the wave,
Thy tomb the ocean brine ?
Because thy failing hand grasped not
The banner of the free,
Nor dying, waved it o'er a foe,
Shall none lament for thee ?

So soon have all forgot the day,
When thy young breast was bared
To brave the battle's awful shock,
And all its dangers dared ?
When loud around thee cannon peal'd,
And death's dread bolts flew by,
When angry flame and black'ning smoke
Enveloped sea and sky ?
When cries of agonizing pain
Rose o'er the conflict's roar,
And gasping friends besprinkled thee
With life's fast ebbing gore !

So soon have all forgot the blow,
That drained thy tender veins,
And made thy childish frame a wreck,
Thy life, a load of pains ?

Shall base ingratitude repay,
The debt we owe to thee,
And shall forgetfulness usurp
Thy sacred memory ?
Oh ! no, brave boy, sleep on in peace !
We'll cherish long thy name,
And deck thy honor'd memory
With wreaths of lasting fame !

THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving for their loss. The priests chanted over his body the first requiems that were ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi. To conceal his death his body was wrapped in a mantle, and in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters.

Bancroft's Hist. U. S.

A REQUIEM steals upon the midnight air :
The world is shrouded in its deepest gloom ;
Earth has no hour free from invading care,
No spot too hallowed for a mortal's tomb.

Far down the Mississippi's hurrying tide,
The solemn strain of woe is heard to roll,
First since that awful hour, when far and wide
The voice of God shook earth from pole to pole.

Now muffled notes float down the murmuring stream,
Which bears a thousand echoes on its breast ;
And now low words are breathed, that scarcely seem
To rouse the voices of the air from rest.

Now the high arches of the forest near,
Which fringe the waters with a mourner's robe,
Catch up the note, and ringing shrill and clear,
Send forth the wail beyond our narrow globe!

Anon, loud tones, like bursting cannon, peal
In dreadful accents o'er the startled waves,
And rumbling onward till the waters reel,
They wake an echo in their deepest caves.

And now no sound is heard; but silent all
As death's dark realms, the gloomy mourners stand.
No stifled sobs burst out, no deep groans fall
On the dull ears of the scarce breathing band.

Yet oh! within their bosoms sorrows dwell,
And cares that none but faithful hearts can know;
Too deep for sighs, or sobs, or groans to tell,
And e'en too deep for gushing tears to show!

Now smothered voices breathe a last farewell,
As down his mantled corse sinks in the wave:
He gained no sculptured tomb his deeds to tell,
And reaped his proudest trophy in his grave.

Though deep in Mississippi's troubled breast,
Thy bones, De Soto, moulder and decay;
Though no mausoleum pile thy deeds attest,
Time cannot sweep thy sepulchre away!

LINES

TO THE STEAMBOAT NEPTUNE ON THE OCCASION OF HER
ANNUAL TRIP TO THE NORTH.

I.

Go plough the tranquil sea,
Swift as the ocean wind,
And may thy fortune be
To leave the storm behind;
But oh, should clouds deform,
And heav'n grow drear and dark,
Go brave the ocean storm,
Thou proud and noble bark!

II.

Safe be thy fleet career,
Across the sleeping surge;
May zephyrs linger near,
And on thy progress urge;
But should the tempest rave,
And snow-capped billows rise;
Go, climb the mountain wave,
And scorn the low'ring skies!

III.

Thou bearest on with thee,
A glad, gay-hearted band,
Who go once more to see,
Home, friends, and native land!

A loved and long-lost child
To bless his sire returns,
A daughter long exiled,
To comfort her who mourns.

IV.

Brothers return to greet
The playmates of their youth,
And severed hearts to meet
And prove their well-tried truth ;
Then safely tread the sea,
And swiftly stem the tide ;
May Heaven prosper thee,
Or be her storms defied !

THE ROSE OF GALVESTON.

A SONG.

I.

THEY may boast of the roses of Sharon as fair,
Of the tulips in Tuscany's vales,
They may tell of the lilies of Bourbon so rare,
Or the jasmine on Persia's green dales,
From the gardens of Gûl bring the violet blue,
Cull the pink from the banks of the Nile,
But a flow'r ne'er bloomed of such beautiful hue,
As the sweet rose of Galveston Isle.

II.

Then who would not strive fair Eliza to win,
 To call this bright flower his own?
 From this day, from this hour, then let me begin
 To seek for her favor alone!
 And oh! if success shall my labors repay,
 And I shall be blest with her smile,
 Long, long, will I cherish and hallow the day,
 That I saw the sweet rose of our Isle!

I M P R O M P T U .

Is the shell that contains the beautiful pearl,
 Valued more than the gem it encloses?
 Then the beauty which glows on thy cheeks, fair girl,
 Than the heart that within thee reposes!

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

FOR MISS M——— UPON HER MARRIAGE.

WHEN the friend that we love with the fondest devotion,
 Bids adieu to his kindred and home,
 And seeks in a clime far beyond the blue ocean,
 The bliss which invites him to roam,
 We bid him farewell, with hearts throbbing with sadness,
 For tempests may check his career,
 And though his success *may* inspire us with gladness,
 We mingle our hopes with a fear!

'Tis thus then, we grieve, that no more can we hail thee,
Our bosom companion, and friend ;
But we know that the arm which is sworn ne'er to fail thee,
Will shield until life's at an end ;
Oh, then, may thy voyage o'er Time's troubled ocean,
Be joyous and calm to its close ;
May thy bark by its storms ne'er be tost in commotion,
But be wafted in peace to repose !

A SONG FOR MISS S.

I.

OH ! know ye the maid to whom nature has given
What is purest on earth, and most lovely in Heav'n ;
In whose form and whose features all beauties combine,
And whose spirit proclaims her scarce less than divine ?

II.

When the tones of her voice first fell on my ear,
Methought that the harp of Eolus was near ;
When my sight first was dimmed by the light of her eye,
I forgot that no mortal could plunder the sky !

III.

When she smiled, o'er her brow came a roseate glow
As bright as the sunbeam that glitters on snow,
And, oh ! when she spoke, so her face seemed to shine,
That methought a full glance into Paradise mine !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF "THINKS I TO
MYSELF," PRESENTED AS A PHILOPOENE
TO A YOUNG LADY.

"PHILOPOENE ! Philopoene," 'tis a joyful sound
When it falls on a friendly ear,
Proclaiming that love and affection abound,
In the heart of the gay trumpeteer.

It tells of the hours when the first bloom of youth
Inspires the bosom with joy ;
When the heart is all gladness, the accents all truth,
And no cares and afflictions annoy !

Oh ! who with a heart that can cherish and feel
The love which in childhood it found ;
When he hears this salute, of affection the seal,
Is not thrilled with the soul-stirring sound ?

Old age with its sorrows may weaken the frame,
And its frosts make the raven lock hoar,
Philopoene in the heart, will still echo the same,
As it echoed there long years before !

Accept then, fair Helen, the slight gift I send,
In itself, 'tis a trifle I know,
But it speaks *that I love thee*, that I am thy friend,
And what more could a costlier show ?

Though the wealth of the Indies were mine to command,
Though I glittered in jewels and gold;
And showered them all, with a lavishing hand,
On thyself,—*nothing more* could be told.

Then, Helen, whenever a richer than I,
One more blessed with the world's dazzling pelf,
Your friendship or love with his *fortune would* buy,
Pause—and say, "Thinks I to myself!"

LINES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

You ask me to write in your Album, my friend,
But to soil with dull flattery its page
I cannot consent, and plain truth might offend,
And instead of delighting, enrage.

For Albums you know are but meant to enrol
What the sycophant's heart may indite
And if I would speak to advise, not cajole,
On this fugitive leaf I must write.

Oh! listen then, Marg'ret, to accents of truth,
And though they sound harsh in thy ears,
They will teach thee what seldom is learned in our youth,
Nor taught but by sorrow and tears.

Learn then to suspect ; be distrustful of all,
Nor even confide in a friend,
'Till he prove that whatever dark fortunes befall,
That an arm to assist thee he'll lend.

When the flatt'rer around thee his poison distils,
Praising loudly thy beauty or worth,
Let thy heart whisper softly, 'tis false ! though it thrills
With more pleasure than aught else on earth.

And oh ! when thy lover his soul proves sincere,
And asks but a smile to be blest,
Never chill with a frown, never wound with a sneer,
But confess the pure flame in thy breast.

For thousands drive from them the hearts they most prize
By idly pretending disdain ;
And find when *too late*, that coquettish disguise
Entraps but repentance and pain !

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO MISS J——.

I LOVED thee from my youth,
I lived but in thy smile,
Believed thy words all truth,
Nor dreamed thou could'st beguile ;

In spring I gathered flowers,
 To deck thy loved retreat,
I built in summer bowers,
 To shade thee from its heat.

When autumn strewed the ground
 With leaves of golden dye,
And spread her fruits around,
 Still at thy side was I !
And when bleak winter's blast
 Stripped earth of all its bloom,
Laid fields and gardens waste,
 And cheerless as the tomb ;

When angry whirlwinds blew,
 And thunders rolled on high ;
When fiery lightnings flew,
 And blazed along the sky ;
When earth affrighted reel'd
 And quailed the Heav'n above,
O'er thee I raised a shield,
 The mantle of my love !

And oh ! when bitter grief
 Had pierced thy bleeding heart,
When none could give relief,
 Or turn the fatal dart ;
I spared thy torturing pain,
 Poured comfort in thy ears,
Restored lost joys again,
 And wiped away thy tears.

Whilst Fortune smiled on me
Thy face wore smiles as fair,
Now fortune frowns, I see
A frown imprinted *there*.
False-hearted one, farewell,
Too long I've bowed to thee,
I've burst the Syren's spell,
And now, once more, am free !

LINES

TO CAROLINE.

OH ! had I known when first we met,
That we so soon should part,
And that such deep and sad regret
Would torture then my heart
I ne'er had prized thy charms so dear,
Nor loved thee half so well ;
For now 'tis mine to feel and fear
That parting word—farewell.

Farewell—I hate the cruel word,
'Tis discord in my ears,
'Tis ever spoken, ever heard,
In anguish, pain, and tears ;
And yet I'm doomed to speak its tone,
With quivering lips to thee,
And yet more painful, hear thy own
A Farewell bid to me !

'Twas, Caroline, as friends we met,
As dear devoted friends,
But something dearer, closer yet,
Our friendship now attends,
And can that tie be ever broke,
Can absence rend its spell,
And shall it cease whene'er is spoke
That blighting word, farewell !

Oh ! tell me that thy love shall last,
Whilst but my own endures,
And that, when mine for thee is past,
I *then* shall forfeit yours.
Oh ! tell me this, and I shall die
Contented with my lot ;
For, till my frame shall lifeless lie,
Thou can'st not be forgot.

Then when afar from me and mine,
From scenes once loved by thee,
Look on this rude, unworthy line,
And give one thought to me ;
And when I view yon starry sky,
Or watch yon rolling sea,
I'll dream of happiness gone by,
And still remember thee !

STANZAS

TO CAROLINE.

FAREWELL, the word is spoken,
Which tells us we must part,
And the cherished link is broken
That bound us heart to heart !
We part ! but can'st thou ever
Forget thy love for me ?
And, lost one, will I never
In absence think of thee ?

Oh, yes ! when morn is tinging
With golden hues the sky,
When evening shades are fringing
The azure vault on high,
When midnight stars are shining,
And the world shall slumbering be,
Exulting or repining,
I'll still remember thee !

When the early bud is blooming,
Or the verdant lap of spring,
Or the summer songster pluming
His gay and glittering wing ;
When Autumn's fruits are falling,
And its zephyrs blowing free,
Or when winter frowns appalling,
Still my heart will cling to thee !

When my cheek with health is glowing,
And my step is firm and light,
With fortune round me throwing
Each moment new delight ;
Or when sickness lays me gasping,
And friends and fortune flee ;
Still thy memory ever clasping,
I'll in death remember thee !

THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

"The days of my youth, where are they ?"

"Echo answers, where are they ?"

O ! THAT their reign had been for e'er,
Nor doomed to have an end :
Alas, that all we prize most here,
To Time and Fate must bend !
Farewell, ye bright and golden days,
The happiest I have known ;
Oh, may some of your gladdening rays
Round coming years be thrown !

When hoary age comes tottering on,
Enfeebling all my frame,
When every hope of pleasure's gone,
And fled each youthful aim,
How dear will then your memory be,
How blissful, yet how vain !
For though the soul your sports may see,
It cannot taste again.

Hope swells with joy each human heart,
And sweeps from every breast
The grief past moments would impart,
Were gratitude confessed ;
But ah ! it is the mortal's lot
Past favors to forget,
He 's happiest when they 're all forgot,
Remembrance is regret !

The Persian kneels not to the sun
When sinking to his rest ;
He prays before his race is run,
And scorns him in the west.
But Oh ! there is a faithful flower,
That seeks him through the skies,
And owns as well his parting power
As when his glories rise.

And there is, too, a noble bird,
The emblem of the free,
Who, when he sets, his wings will gird,
And tend him to the sea ;
And when behind the western waves
He dims his glorious light,
The eagle there his pinion laves
And sorrows through the night.

The Persian's worship at his shrine,
Ungrateful hearts control ;
The flower's faithfulness is mine,
And mine the eagle's soul !

M E R I T .

MERIT ne'er was nor ever will be prized
In one unknown to Fortune or to Fame,
Who cannot boast the pageant of a *name*!

A B S E N C E .

TO MISS S——

WHEN youth with its freshness is o'er,
And its pleasures all faded and gone,
If the spring time of life we deplore,
And sigh that it left us forlorn;
Still there lingers a hope round the heart
Which we cherish with joy to the last,
For with youth we are destined to part,
And the summer of life is not past!

Yet Oh! from my bosom has spring,
With the charm of thy dear presence fled,
And left no soft summer to fling
Its flowers and bloom on my head;
A drear chilling winter is mine
When thy fair form no longer I see,
Oh, tell me, no summer is thine,
When thou art as distant from me.

When the sun, from his bright throne on high,
 Sinks in splendor and peace to his rest,
 And his last rays with crimson hues dye
 The golden stained brow of the west ;
 A star gems the blue vault of heaven,
 And chases the gloom from the world,
 Gives a charm to the darkness of even,
 When night has her pennon unfurl'd.

Alas, dearest, when thou art away,
 And hid from my dim joyless sight,
 Though with thee I'm blest with the day,
 Without thee I'm buried in night.
 No bright star enlivens my gloom,
 And lends to its horrors a ray ;
 Oh ! tell me that such is ~~my~~ *thy* doom,
 When from me, thou art far, far away !

 GENIUS.

THE bud which we blemish and snap from the stem,
 Perfume ne'er can yield like the rose ;
 And genius, if robbed of its first blushing gem,
 Will never its beauties disclose !

The heart if once broken, when youth's in its prime,
 In the vigor of life ne'er can bask ;
 And genius once hurl'd from the height it would climb,
 For ever is chilled from the task !

But nurse the young bud, and the tender heart, love,
The first soon will bloom a sweet rose ;
The second caressed, will like genius above,
Soar in realms of delight to repose !

REPLY TO MADAM P.

FOR MISS MOORE.

You ask me, dear Madam, to mention the charms
Of the girl whom alone I could love ;
In the light of whose eyes, and the clasp of whose arms,
I'd forget there was Heav'n above.

And inquire " if a voice, which should speak to the soul,
In the tones which o'er Adria stray ?
Or a form bright as those that our slumbers control,
And drive care from our pillows away ?

" Or an eye that should beam like that maiden's of old,
Which received all its hues from the sky,
And shone like the star which at eve we behold,
Steal out from the azure on high ?

" Or a cheek, whose rich blush with vermillion should vie,
And a lip that a coral-tint wore ?
Or a breast, white as snow ere it fall from the sky ?"
No, madam ; I'd crave something *Moore*.

Then you ask, " would a heart which should throb to my own,
Like the strain of a bard to his shell ;
Or a soul pure as Eve's, ere 'twas hurl'd from its throne,
And a mind vast as her's ere she fell."

No, lady ; not beauty, with all its array,
Not an angel herself I'd adore ;
For should earth, sky, and ocean, their tributes all pay,
I still would demand something *Moore* !

THE COQUETTE'S FATE.

I KNEW her when a child,
And then with joy wild
As a fawn,
She would skip, and play, and prance,
And gaily, lightly dance
O'er the lawn.

I knew her next a girl,
And darker was her curl
Than the jet ;
And her childish, winning smile,
Seemed so free from snare or guile,
The coquette !

Then a woman she became,
A proud and noble dame,
Pure and fair ;
But her heart like stone was cold,
And the friend she lov'd of old
Found despair !

He sought a foreign clime,
And there he spent his prime
Hoarding gold,
Till millions he could claim,
And on Glory's page his name
Was enrolled !

Again behold him roam,
But he seeks his native home
O'er the wave ;
For he wishes now to rest,
And within her tranquil breast
Seeks a grave !

And here he met a face
In whose features he could trace
Hers he loved ;
But so chang'd with age and care
From the maiden once so fair,
He was moved.

She was old, and thin, and pale,
Like the bark swept by the gale
To her deck.

The rose had left her cheek,
And her form was bent and weak;
What a wreck!

No more her voice was clear,
As the notes which greet the ear
From a harp;
But jarring, broke, and low,
Discordant, strain'd and slow,
Shrill, and sharp.

Farewell, the stranger cried,
Oh God! that I had died
Far away!

I sought my native plains,
That with my sire's remains
Mine might lay.

But again I'll cross the wave,
Where I'll seek a foreign grave
For my tomb.
For who could thus behold
The heart he loved of old
In its gloom?

All alone the coquette died,
Not a friend was at her side,
There to wait!
None closed her dying eye,
And she left no child to sigh
At her fate!

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS J., A SHORT TIME PREVIOUS TO HER
MARRIAGE.

I.

Soon thou wilt be another's bride,
Caressing and carest;
For ever sundered from my side,
And severed from my breast;
Thou in whose smile I sported
Life's morning hours away,
Nor dreamed while thus transported,
Their light could e'er decay.
But like the songster of the spring,
When morning's beam is bright,
Who bathes in heaven his glittering wing,
Till shrouded there by night.

II.

Yes, thou wilt be another's bride,
Thou never can'st be mine,
Though I would dash a world aside,
To own that heart of thine!
But vain is this repentance:
Too late is my regret;
I've heard the dreadful sentence
Which bids me to forget.

But though another may be blest
With that sweet smile of thine,
Thou ne'er canst pillow on thy breast
A truer heart than mine !

ADIEU TO GALVESTON.

I.

FAREWELL to thee, Eden of Ocean,
Repining I part from thy shore,
From my eye starts the tear of emotion,
And my bosom is wrung to its core ;
Whilst Heav'n shall spread out above thee,
And the bloom of the earth shall surround,
I will bless, I will cherish, and love thee,
Oasis, 'mid deserts around !

II.

Oh ! who in thy pride can behold thee,
And list to the song of thy wave,
As it murmurs with joy to enfold thee,
And sparkles with gladness to lave ;
Or gaze at the sky which is o'er thee,
And thy health-bearing zephyrs partake ;
And not when in exile deplore thee,
Nor sigh that he's doom'd to forsake !

III.

Then, alas, how unenvied the sorrow,
Whose arrows my bosom assail ;
For, from friends I no solace can borrow ;
Even friends I am forced to bewail !
I am destined each fond tie to sever,
From kindred and country to roam,
To burst,—ah ! it may be for ever,
Each heart-string that clings around home.

IV.

Dearest William, though absent, I prize thee,
As when present I loved thee of old,
And though distant I still idolize thee,
For friendship can never grow cold !
In thy heart dwells each heroic feeling,
Thy brow bears the stamp of the sage ;
From thy lip is an eloquence stealing,
Which shall make thee the *Burke of the age* !

V.

And thou, too, whose smile is the treasure
I shall strive through life's journey to taste
(In its sunshine alone there is pleasure,
Without it the world is a waste) ;
In thy features all beauties are vying,
In thy form strives each grace to excel,
E'en to thee,—ah ! the folly of sighing,
I am destined to bid a farewell !

VI.

Then farewell each affection I nourish,
All unworthy, I bid ye adieu ;
Yet in absence your tendrils shall flourish,
And distance but prove my heart true.
For should glory, my brow e'er adorning,
With the radiance her laurels can lend,
I'll return where in life's early morning,
I rejoiced as a lover and friend.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

AIR—"Some love to roam."

I.

I LOVE the sea,
For its waves to me,
Are the prancing steeds I ride ;
And the storms that sweep,
O'er the billowy deep,
My proud ship has defied !

II.

When lightnings flash,
And thunders crash,
And tempests heave the main ;
My bark bounds on,
Like a frightened fawn,
But their rage is all in vain !

III.

I love the sea,
For it is to me,
The battle-field of fame !
'Tis here my sword
May millions hoard,
And win a glorious name !

IV.

If once on high,
My banner fly,
No foe can drag it down ;
For storm and pike,
It scorns alike,
Though skies and kingdoms frown !

THE ASPIRANT'S LAST WISH.

LET no tomb mark the spot of my grave,
No epitaph tell of my worth,
If my fame is too brittle to brave
The storms and the changes of earth !

Let no gaudy, vain trappings enclose,
In mock splendor my perishing frame,
If the tinsels in which I repose
Shall outlive the renown of my name.

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